

72  
TUNBRIGALIA.

OR, THE

*Tunbridge* Miscellany,

For the Years, 1737, 1738, 1739.

BEING

A Curious Collection of Miscellany POEMS, &c.  
Exhibited upon the Walks at *Tunbridge Wells*,  
in the three last Years.

By a Society of Gentlemen and Ladies.



L O N D O N:

Printed for T. WEBB near St. Paul's, and sold by  
the Bookfellers of *London* and *Westminster*.

M.DCC.XL.

(Price 6 d.)

TUNBRIDGE

OF THE

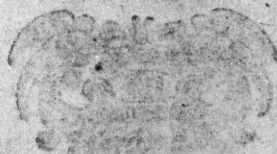
Tunbridge Miscellany

For the Year 1738



Printed by J. Smith, at the Press of the  
Tunbridge Miscellany, in the Year 1738.

By a Society of Gentlemen and Ladies.



LONDON

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M. Smith

(Printed)



*April 17 24*

I WONDER that your News-mongers should all be so barren of News, as I find you all are of late. Why Mr. APP. tho' 'tis now War time, 'tis Harvest time, High Harvest; and if we may believe the wisest World, there is a plentiful View, a very good Crop, and that not only in the Fields, but in other Places too: You are all very merry Philosophers, else you might know that there are several Kinds of Nature's Productions, which ripen altogether, tho' the Fruit may be of differing Kinds. For Example, during our Harvest Moon, the Corn, the Wine, the Fruits, the Lady's, the Lovers, all grow ripe together, nay, they grow in Clusters, and are to be gathered in Bunches in their proper Season; and Tongue-Wells, and Epithem-Walks, want a much Reaping and Mowing, as Beakhead Doves, or Hackney Marsh.

A Friend of mine tells me, that not a Mile off of the Walks at Tunbridge the Harvest lately was cap'd very seasonably by a young Yeoman of Kent. He seem'd heretofore in the Field but on Wednesday, and he had the Crop all in his Barn by Friday Night, for he made ——— while the Sun shined in a West-blingled ouca Lady about Ten in the Morning, made his Addresses at Eleven, gain'd the Lady's Consent about Two, and carryed her way in his Tumple (Chaise) about Five.

Bad News flies apace, the good old Mother and her Daughter, gets good Intelligence of the Rôu. They had taken, and lends a Courier after her with a fullness of warrant, which overtakes her before she reach'd the Gentleman's Seat in West Kent; there they demand the Lady in the Name of the Court, and at her Mother's Suit; but alas! **How** Thunder-struck poor Ananias the Serving Man, when he heard these dreadful words from the Lady's own Mouth,

Give my Duty to my Mother, and tell her I am  
Married. **TO MARY**  
A nimble Match indeed, a good Harvest. For I  
understand Mr. App. the Lady has not above five  
Thousand Pound, except it be some four or five more  
her Mother can give her, if the pleases; and we are  
assur'd the Gentleman has almost a thousand Pound  
a Year, only there may be a small Mortgage or two  
upon it, so that she is not so unfruitfully Married as  
things go there for that which makes the Story the  
more Edifying is, that they say there are not less than  
Twelve or Fourteen Ten Thousand Pound Ladies in  
the same Town, that would be glad to go off upon  
the same Terms. So plentiful a Crop of Beauties are  
there in the County of Kent, and so few Rapists for  
the present Harvest.



E for 1758. Dec. 9—12.

TUNBRIDGE VERSES.

*The last Ode of the Second Book of Horace, modernized, To Dr. Taylor, the much renowned Oculist. By Mr. MARRIOT.*

O Taylor! learned in the optic art,  
O thou who to the blind canst sight impart!  
Say thou, what title most delights thy ear,  
Doctor, or Oculist, or Chevalier!

II.

Loaded with honours, wherefoe'er you roam,  
And no where so neglected as at home;  
Skill'd in each science, vers'd in ev'ry tongue,  
In *English* prais'd, in *Greek* and *Latin* sung.

III.

Yet who can tell thy fluency of speech?  
Thy eloquence above fam'd *Tully's* reach?  
What bard can paint thy energy of soul,  
That hurries thee so swift from pole to pole?

IV.

On earth thou shalt no longer grow'ling stay,  
Confin'd in tenement of mortal clay;  
Thou to a Swan transform'd shalt never die,  
Like feather'd *Horace*, thou shalt soar on high.

V.

Rais'd above envy, and her sneering spite,  
O thou! whom Princes call their dear delight,  
Who hast on earth so many wonders wrought,  
So many works with prodution fraught.

VI.

Thy transformation instant shall begin,  
Lo! now white plumage ruffles all thy skin;  
See! new-born feathers, *the* long, still extend  
All o'er thy shoulders to thy finger's end.

VII.

Now thou shalt travel in th' ætherial sky,  
Swifter than Vehicles \* terrestrial fly;  
Now thou shalt visit *Hyperborean* plains  
Still singing, in thy flight, loud-sounding strains.

VIII.

*Austrians* and *Russians*, who, with secret fear,  
The *Prussians* dread, thy wondrous fame shall  
hear:

Thy Books † and skill Ophthalmic shall be known  
In *France* and *Spain*, and where they drink the

IX.

[*Rhone*.

No pomp funereal shall attend thy herse,  
Nor shall thy tomb be grac'd with plaintive verse,  
No tears for thy departure, shall be shed,  
Thou'lt want no trophies, that adorn the dead,

\* Post Chaises—or rather the *Traineau*, in which  
the Chevalier was carried to *Moscow*, from *Petersburg*,  
600 miles, in 60 hours.

† The Chevalier published 44 books.

10 MA 66





*A particular Description of TUNBRIDGE WELLS.*

In a Letter from a Gentleman at that Place to his Friend in Town.

*Tunbridge-Wells, Aug. 30, 1767.*

Dear George,

I Am happy in informing you, that by getting into a quiet snug Lodging, on Mount Ephraim, as advised by your Medical Friend (where I live with the Family) and by a strict Perseverance in using the Waters, with a gentle Ride every Day, when the Weather would permit me, I have got quite rid of the Relaxation and vast Depression, the severe Fever I had last Winter, and a nine Months Ague had thrown me into; have a most excellent Appetite, and being (Thanks to Providence and you) as well as ever I was in my Life. In Return, agreeable to your Desire, I send you the most precise Account of this Place, and its Customs, my Observations and Enquiries could obtain.

And first, as to the Place and its Environs, I must confess, from the romantic, rural, rugged, and vast Variety of different Views, and the Hides I have found out, that it is to me, in fine Weather, as agreeable and pleasant a Place as ever I saw, and in bad Weather as disagreeable, except on the Walks themselves, where, either by Chance or Foresight in the first Constructors, you can go from the Well to all the Rooms, Coffee-Houses, and Shops, without being exposed to Rain or Sun; an Advantage this Place, of all other public ones which I have seen, has peculiar to itself. The Lodging-Houses are scattered about very promiscuously and agreeably, in Groves, &c. on Mount Sion, Mount Pleasant, Mount Ephraim, and on the Walks themselves; (the last of which three Mounts was esteemed, as I am informed, by the famous Doctor Pellet, as the Montpellier of England; I am sure I may call it so.) Here are three very good Inns or Taverns—the Angel, the Gloucester, and the Sussex. On your first Arrivah, nay, even on the Road, you are *taunted* (a Cant Word for soliciuing your Custom at this Place) by all the Bakers, Butchers, Brewers, Grocers, Tavern Keepers, Water Dippers, &c. &c. and on the first Morning, before you are well awake, by the Music, to whom, I find, besides a small Present for thus disturbing you, every Family and single Gentleman subscribe from Half a Crown to Half a Guinea, for which they play in a Gallery built for that Purpose, facing the great Rooms on the Walks, three Times every Day, viz. from 9 till 10 in the Morning, from 12 to 2 at Noon, and from 6 till 7 in the Afternoon, and at the Balls. On your entering into any of the great Rooms, you are solicited in the same Manner, where the Subscription is from a Crown to a Guinea, each Person according to their Rank; for which you are entitled to walk in the Rooms, to have Fires lighted for you, to read the News-Papers which come in

every Day, to Wax, Waters, Pen and Ink, with some other great Conveniencies, particularly for the Gentlemen. There are two Rooms; one on the Walks, which I found very necessary and comfortable to me in bad Weather; the other on the other Side, in Suffage, which are seldom troubled but in the Evening. The Company go to these Rooms separately, each Evening, to play at Cards, or converse together, as at Bath; and there is a Ball once a Week in each Room; on Tuesdays at that on the Walks, and on Fridays at the other; the Expence of which is Half a Crown Entrance for each Gentleman, and One Shilling each Lady; and this I must own I think a much better Method than subscribing Two Guineas, as at Bath, especially to Persons who stay but a short Time, as it is no Expence but when you go. There is likewise the Gentlemens Coffee House on the Walks, kept by a very decent Woman, where you likewise subscribe Five Shillings, and where the political and other Disputes between the Gentlemen (some of them, I'll assure you, very high Characters) are particularly entertaining and amusing. Then there is the Bookseller's Shop, kept by a very facetious, intelligent Man, where you subscribe as to the great Room, have what Books you please home to your Lodging to read, and there being a great and well chosen Variety, I found it particularly useful and agreeable to me in bad Weather.

There is likewise a Collection made by some Person of the Company for the Clergyman, from Half a Guinea to Two Guineas for each Family. This Gentleman performs Service twice every Day, and is very kind in procuring us as many excellent Sermons as possible, from the dignified and other Clergy, who visit this Place. There is likewise a Collection and voluntary Subscription for a Dissenting Minister here, a very well behaved Gentleman. Mr. Derrick is, I find, Master of the Ceremonies here, as at Bath, and is supported, as there, by having a Ball at each Room, Tickets for which are 5s. each, but he gives so much Satisfaction in this important Office, that very few give him less than Gold for his Tickets; my being mostly on the Hill, and his endeavouring, as I hear, to establish himself at Brighthelmston, as here, which gives some Umbrage, has made his Appearance like that of a Comet to me. There is another small Subscription to the Sweeper of the Walks (which are kept very clean) of One Shilling each Person, or as much more as the Generosity of the Donors please, but not less. At going from hence, you give the Water Dippers, a Set of very decent Women, who constantly attend at the Well to serve you with your Water from the Spring, from a Crown to a Guinea (or more if you stay a long Time); and likewise to the Waiters of the Rooms, who, I find, have nothing but what the Company please to give them at going away, and which, I find, is according to the Rank of the Family.

These, my dear Friend, are the Whole of the regular expected Taxes on you, but Parsons of particular Distinction and Inclination frequently give Breakfasts, Tea-drinking, and Balls, either public, or in Parties; and I must assure you, that at all the Places these Ceremonies are conducted in a very pleasing and agreeable Manner.

The Provisions here are, in general, excellent, particularly the Poultry, which are likewise very cheap; almost every Body goes to Market here themselves, all the Market Women standing at the Steps at the End of the Walks, from Seven till Ten in the Morning, in such a Manner that you are almost obliged to pass through them: They behave with great Civility. There is likewise a Fish Market facing the Walks, almost every Day in the Week, where the Fish are, in general, extremely fresh, being brought in the Night from four or five different Places on the Coast, all within thirty Miles Distance; as are the Wheat Ears, which are at this Time very fine, and in great Plenty; and we have a good old Woman, the best Pastry-Cook in England—I wish you was here to eat one of her Chicken Pyes and Cheese-cakes.

The Post comes in every Day, except Monday, about Eleven in the Morning, and goes out every Day except Saturdays and Mondays, at Five in the Afternoon. They have been this Season particularly well accommodated by two Flys, which run in Opposition to each other, which carry four Persons only, and are never more than five Hours or five and a half on the Road: One sets out at Five in the Morning, from hence, and gets into London at Eleven, and returns from thence at One. The other sets out from London at the same Time in the Morning, and returns from hence at One: by which the Company have an Opportunity of having Turbans, Fruit, &c. in Time for Dinner, and of sending Wheat Ears from hence to their Friends in London: The Fare is Half a Guinea. The common Stage Coach sets out every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, for London, at Six in the Morning, and arrives about Two; returns every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, at the same Hour. The Carriers, of which there are three, set out every Monday and Thursday from hence, at Nine in the Morning; and from London every Tuesday and Friday, at about Three in the Afternoon. The particular Manufactory of this Place is a vast Variety of beautiful Works, most excellently fitted up in various Sorts of Wood, of which (besides Plenty of Milliners and Toy-Shops) there are several Shops on the Walks.

I hope, dear George, you will think me pretty precise, as I promised you. Any other Particulars you shall desire I will inform you of, or explain; but can think of no others at present: I hope soon to have the Pleasure of drinking a Bottle with you, and am

S I R,

Your sincere Friend,

And humble Servant,

MARINUS.

10 MA 66





We have intelligence from Tanbridge Wells, that their mighty Maquefide Hall has turned out very poorly; not half the company being at it, and of that half not one third in maquefide drefles, an eminent dealer in thofe articles, who went down on purpofe, having only left one. The drefles that left in London for fix or eight guineas were offered at one; but the entertainment, we hear, was quite profufe, wine being given to the footmen, waiters, and helpers, by the gailon.

The Theatre Royal in Covent-garden will open on Monday the 23d init, with the comedy of The Claudeftine Marriage, and other entertainments.

Capt. Donnellan is to be Mafter of the Ceremonies at the Pantheon, and is to have a free benefit, annually, for his trouble.

An intimate of Mr. F—e's observing him in mourning, asked him for whom he mourned? for my friend, Sir E. B. D. answered Mr. F—e; I did not know, replied the intimate, that he had left you mourning: "All friends, Sir," retorted Mr. F—e, leave mourning by their death, but very few, whether friends or not, leave any by their will."

On Wednesday laft a fine fturgeon, meafuring five feet in length, caught in the river Thames, was brought to the Maifion-houfe alive; and it being the fecond caught in this mayoralty, the Right Hon. the Lord-Mayor immediately prefented it to the Queen, the firft having been fent to his Majefty. This is perhaps the only inftance of a live fturgeon being ever feen at the Maifion-houfe.

A lady from Penfylvania has finifhed a curious picture of the King in needle-work, which was prefented by her to his Majefty a few days fince.

The whole of the ftory of a late Sheriff refpecting his filing a bill to recover a cool, which a criminal (previous to his condemnation) had invefted in the hands of trustees, for the ufe of his wife, is not true. — Juftice to the gentleman's memory requires thus much. — The fact is, the bill was indeed filed, and on the application of the Sheriff's attorney to Sir Fletcher Norton for his name to the bill, to get it regularly admitted; Sir Fletcher very humanely defired to fpeak with the Sheriff himfelf, and difsuaded him from the ftap, which, to the Sheriff's honour, he de-



We hear from Tunbridge-wells, that on Monday last a most grand ball, entertainment, and illuminations were given to the company, in honour of its being their Majesties wedding-day; and on the arrival of Prince Ernest of Mecklenburgh, the cannon were first fired at four o'clock, when he arrived; at seven the whole walks, well, trees, shops, rooms, and the Sussex Tavern, where his Serene Highness lodged, were illuminated in a very splendid and brilliant manner. There were above 200 persons at the ball, which was opened by his Highness and Gen. Carnac's Lady, under a second discharge of 22 pieces of ordnance. The whole concluded about twelve; when the Prince gave an invitation to the whole company, to favour him to tea and an entertainment the next evening at the ball, at which were present more than twice the company ever known at one so late in the season.

The late Robert Wood, Esq; one of the Under Secretaries of State, is said to have died worth upwards 100,000*l*.

10 MAY 66  
On Friday last the gang of Custom-house Officers for some time past have committed the most flagrant acts of violence in the houses of many of the drapers and milliners, under pretence of a war of search for foreign laces, visited most of the milliners shops at Tunbridge Wells: they had got a crew of nine or ten desperate fellows to their assistance, and without producing any warrant, and without any constable or peace-officer, they by force rammaged the shops, and took away every thing they thought proper, and to a very considerable amount. The inconvenience of being deprived of a great part of his stock will too frequently be fatal to a man in trade, and therefore the immediate recovery of the goods has tempted the people who have been thus plundered to suffer the officers to go unpunished, as they must otherwise stand a tedious and expensive law-suit, perhaps for the space of a year or two, before they could get their goods. There can be no doubt of the right of every person to defend his property in his own house, and there is no officer in this country who can have a right to enter a house and take away any goods without a warrant granted on information upon oath, and without a constable: and the laws will protect every man who opposes such acts of violence.





10 MAR 30. 1773.

"This place is extremely full, but the company consists of an odd olio of old maids, lively widows, polluted bachelor-jews, parsons, and some few nobility, who visit the Wells to wash away sin and iniquity, rather to cleanse their leprous habits of body, in consequence of irregularity, incontinence, and the excess of every sensual appetite; for unless they are invited here for these salutary purposes, it is past my judgment to conceive for what they are wheeled down here.

The place itself appears to me in some parts too much like Hampstead, to deserve the name of a country retreat, and in others (particularly what they call the walks) too much like a gentleman's pantry or dairy, to give rural satisfaction to any one fond of natural simplicity. This extravagant inland hole, is surrounded but with waste land, without any thing to make it in the least agreeable but the company. — Only picture to yourself how beautiful and enchanting those walks must be, which are paved with irregular broken flat ryles, with some few trees confined on one side, and a set of shops little better than shambles, without the least intercourse of free air, or even the sight of a field; and here it is that the company stroll, lounge, laugh, talk nonsense and looll; after sipping the waters, which contrary to those of Lethe, bring care to many, by lowering their finances, and increasing the debts of many an honest tradesman, they afterwards fear to meet in town. If any thing invited me to these walks, it was a few pretty milliners, who came here to earn a penny. We have a set of players down with us the vilest of all misérables, who meet with no encouragement but from the affable, beautiful Countess of Tyrconnel, who kindly bespeaks a play now and then to keep them from starving. The assemblies however make up for this, for on the last night there were seventy-two coaches at the door. Among the company now down are the Dukes of Leeds and Dorset, Earl Tyrconnell and Lady, Lord Mountmorris, Sir John Seabright, Sir Thomas Wilson, &c. &c.

3

Handwritten musical notation and text on the right margin, including staves and notes. Visible text includes "Cup", "dy", "ys", "6m", and "C".



# *Cupid and Venus*

*Cupid & Venus one day strove to War----- in Amintors heart*

*and give him all the Joys of Love the Joy ----- s with out the Smart,*

*As Venus then lee Ev'ry Maid be--storn be--storn a fav'rite Grace,*

*O mamma Cuprid smileing smileing said let's shew him Celia's Face.*

10 MA 66

*Collidge  
vol 1: p 74*

## *Flute*







For the Public Advertiser.

The LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

WHEN I take an attentive Survey of Mankind,  
From their Follies and Vices Diversion I find;  
Their Humours, Caprices, their Whims and odd  
Ways,

Sensations of Mirth in me constantly raise.

Ev'ry Place is with curious, choice Characters  
stor'd,

Which, from Morning to Night, Entertainment  
afford.

In each Lane, in each Alley, Court, Square, Row,  
or Street,

Scenes truly Hogarthian I fail not to meet;

Scenes which would not in many a Musele provoke,

But I from the dullest can strike out a Joke:

In ev'ry Man's Motion I Merriment trace,

And can Laughter extract from the dismaldest Face.

When I see Men and Women industriously shun  
Their own Thoughts, and each Ev'ning to Card-  
Tables run;

When Dowagers, dress'd up like Girls of Fifteen,

In the Front of a Side-Box are mad to be seen;

When a blooming young Creature to Threescore is  
ty'd,

That to Routs and to Plays she in Diamonds may  
ride;

When Ladies, to shew their No-Learning, talk  
Latin,

And Tradesmen their Scabbards adorn with white  
Satin;

When a poor Tallow-chandler, deceas'd, lies in  
State,

Who, alive, perhaps, had not five Pounds Worth  
of Plate;

When fat-headed Aldermen set up for Wit,

With Laughter my Sides are just ready to split.

When a pert Temple Beau the fine Gentleman  
apes,

And Prentices brag of their Duels and Rapes;

When a young Academic ascends with an Air

To the Pulpit, and tries to attract all the Fair,

And oft, in the midst of his flow'ry Discourse,

Looks around to observe if his Eyes have had Force;

When travell'd young Fops talk of nothing but  
France,

When Old Maids learn to sing, and grown Gen-  
tlemen dance;

When pious Ned Shuter at Whitefield's appears,

I laugh till my Eyes are bedimm'd with my Tears.

When Women neglect their domestic Affairs,

And puzzle their Heads with political Cares;

When with Zeal patriotic they Puddings despise,

And chatter of Taxes, and Loans, and Supplies;

When those who have nothing to lose fume and  
fret

At the Lowness of Stocks and the National Debt,

And rail at the Court in a passionate Style,

I hollow so loud, you may hear me a Mile.

MARMADUKE MERRIMAN.

*Tunbridge Verses, 1758.*

The four Tunbridge Doctors, & Pastoral,  
by Mr. Marriot.

*Non nostrum, inter vos, tantus componere lites.  
Et cytula tu dignus et hic.* VIRG.

Where Tunbridge Waters shattered beaux tépait,  
And soon restore lost beauty to the fair;  
Where some, by drinking, are with love inspir'd,  
Where others are with rage poetic fir'd,  
While nymphs and shepherds, near the Foun-  
tain, sit,

Four Doctors fierce dispute the prize of wit.  
In different tongues they fame poetic seek,  
In English, Hebrew, Latin and in Greek,  
The swains, and smiling nymphs, around me  
came,

And begg'd I would decide the prize of fame.

Alas! said I, such is my lowly state,

I can't decide a contest of such weight.

Their songs, melodious, so enchant my brain;

I cannot tell which is the sweetest strain;

Raptur'd, like Virgil's shepherd, I declare

Such equal combatants the prize should share.

Alike M— and thou Bartholomew:

Thou M—, and thou King art worthy too!

Your compositions merit equal praise,

All four deserve, all four shall wear the bays.

To Tunbridge Spring four heifers shall be led,

Each with a garland round his horns and head;

Each bard shall have a heifer for his pains,

The due reward of his melodious strains,

With horns and skin I will contented be,

Who ne'er attain'd a doctor's high degree.

I, a poor poet, in the Sylvan shade,

This judgment gave among the shepherds laid;

The swains unanimous, with one consent,

Four beauteous heifers, to the doctors sent;

Four milk-white heifers, in rich pastures fed,

Each wore a garland on his horns and head.

*Epigram occasioned by the foregoing Lines.*

*By Dr. Bartholomew.*

My good friend Marriot, you're fairly bit;

Give me no beef, for verse I have not writ;

Send it Sir Thomas, it will help him much,

Who daily makes Bull-Offering in the church.

*Sir Thomas Tanson.*

Tunbridge Wells, 1762.

## The CONGER EEL.

A Tale, had its foundation in the *Naked Truth*.

**W**HEN lying slander dares aloud proclaim,  
Falshood that's fix'd on chastity a stain;  
My honest Muse of censure not afraid,  
Without reward dares vindicate the maid:  
How durst the world her reputation blast,  
The nymph is doubtless chaste, that ne'er was ask'd;  
So 'fraid of man, however old or homely,  
She dares not trust herself with Jemmy L-----y.  
'Gainst flirting girls, altho' she makes such pother,  
Slander affirms that she has been a mother;  
Bare to the waist, expanded on a stall,  
With child-birth pains the market heard her squall:  
Wide of the truth is what you here advance,  
Miscal not judgment the effect of chance;  
'Twas boy or girl, 'twas neither that nor this,  
She was indeed deliver'd of a fish.  
Now to story lend attentive ear,  
My Muse can tell the truth, for she was there.

One morn, when Peg had many friends to treat,  
She early rose in search of stinking meat;  
Some to buy penn' worth's wear a servant's gown,  
But Peg, more prudent, wisely wore her own;  
All know when Peggy to the market goes,  
Not with her eyes she buys, but by her nose;  
That avarice prompts to this is past belief,  
If rabbits stink polite, then why not beef;  
Who for politeness wou'd a dinner get,  
If wife shou'd always treat 'em with fumes;  
With frugal care Peg search'd the market o'er,  
And thought at last compleat her fragrant store;  
When on a stall she spy'd a CONGER EEL,  
And wish'd to add that dainty to her meal:  
To purchase this cannot be call'd profuse,  
Since, for it's skin I have a certain use.  
At sight of it her heart began to leap,  
It look'd like something she had seen in sleep;  
Nor did the bashful dully shally stand,  
But, as 'twas Fish, she took it in her hand;  
She lik'd its size, its vigorous motions well,  
Ah! this, she cry'd, my Appetite shall quell:  
Much pro and con and hag'ling-lying past,  
The bargain struck, the Eel was bought at last;  
Altho' 'twas frugal, let not Sneerers mock it,  
With joyous hopes she cram'd it in her pocket;  
When plac'd so near its motions might be funny,  
Yet well she knew it cou'd not tell her money.  
When least we fear, oft comes the greatest woe,  
Of more than wealth it robb'd, as I shall shew:  
Thro' gaping plackets, and thro' chasms wide,  
In waters search, it unperceiv'd did glide:  
At last arriv'd where never yet was Man,  
How call'd that place, let all those guests that can;  
Where'er it was, it nuzal'd in its head  
And tail, and all itself compleatly hid.  
To paint Peg's rage, requires a Hogarth's hand,  
No more a Maid, tho' quite unknown to Man;  
Sharp pain compels her sorrow's to reveal.

The mob surrounding, sneering, heard her squeal:  
Good Women all, my hopeless case deplore,  
There's something moves where nought a-could be before,  
Help, help, good folks, with stanning, scream the cries,  
Without your help a Gentlewoman dies:  
A Gentlewoman! how the Bunter lies,  
Her deels betrays, she deels in rouston pyes,  
In buns, or ballads, gingerbread or cakes,  
Grey peas, she cries, or else ox-cheek she bakes.  
Here, thro' the hole, the vagrant Eel had found,  
Her pocket's wealth came ginging to the ground;  
The scramble o'er, by wealth the rage appear'd,  
Pitying her case, they lent their help well pleas'd,  
But quick reduc'd the numbers of my song;  
A tale, Men say, shou'd never be too long;  
I add no more, but all the folks were handy,  
The Midwife's art we leave to TRISTRAM SHANDY;  
This gave foundation to foul Slander's talk,  
This gave that hobbling alegaz in her walk;  
This made impression of a lasting fear,  
She feels the CONGER EEL still feeding there.







Y, JANUARY 6, 1759.

viour told him that he should not only undergo the discipline of that house, but he would recommend it to his officer, that he might suffer military discipline. The girls were sent to the London-workhouses.

Sittings in London and Middlesex before Lord Mansfield, in and after Hilary Term 1759.

| Middlesex.  |          | London.     |          |
|-------------|----------|-------------|----------|
| Monday,     | Jan. 29. | Wednesday,  | Jan. 31. |
| Monday,     | Feb. 5.  | Tuesday,    | Feb. 6.  |
| Friday,     | 9.       | Saturday,   | 10.      |
| After Term. |          | After Term. |          |
| Tuesday,    | Feb. 13. | Wednesday,  | Feb. 14. |

# TUNBRIDGE VERSES.

*The Pastorick Lute.*

I am a simple Swain, God knows,  
But have a heart full tender,  
In ruin for every fair that glows,  
And will to each surrender.

And since to Tunbridge Wells I came,  
And have seen nymphs in plenty,  
My breast I'm sure hath felt the flame  
Of hot desire for twenty.

When first I to the Parklands went,  
Around about me flaring,  
Pamela I spied, and to her sent  
My rude heart for a fairing.

Away with scorn the toy she threw—  
Dost think a *Pamela* woman  
If scarce came back, when out it flew  
Again so heavenly swayed?

Happy to fix on such a Fair,  
Yet there too I miscarried,  
There *Pamela* drove me to despair,  
For ah! she too was married.

Then to the widow *Hunkert* I  
Offer'd myself and hands and room,  
She view'd me with a scornful eye,  
And cried, Go, follow *Sandy*.

Together then two nymphs I spied,  
And in my soul I fix'd them;  
Shall I choose this, or that, I cried,  
There are no odds between 'em.

Such mien, such shape, such killing eyes,  
To give up one I'm loth;  
Happy to heze to rich a prize,  
If I could have them both.

But see sweet *Sandy* there appears,  
And, as the saw me, she  
Along the stile, with a  
But her maid was out and sold;  
For the the Swain's sake, she calls  
Beside the living Fountains.



August 24, 1764.

**W**HEREAS a certain Gentleman has received an anonymous Letter, wherein he is flattered with Expressions both of Esteem and Regard as coming from a Lady; but as he has not so large a Share of Vanity as readily to give into a Belief of the Reality of this Passion, he must suspend for the present all Judgment and Faith relative to this Affair, and wait the Event of some Proof, whereby he may be satisfied of the Truth hereof, the Letter being without Name, and the Gentleman being cautious to whom to ascribe this seeming Mark of Honour and Regard. — Whatever may be the End, nothing shall transpire from him, either touching the present Letter, or the Continuance of it; so that all Apprehensions may be safely laid aside upon this Head, and generous Confidence placed in him, who will never make an ungrateful or dishonourable Use of it, let the Event be what it may.

**F**OUND upon the Walks at Tunbridge Wells, on Saturday Morning the 21st instant, a Bank Note.

Whoever can prove it their Property, may be informed in whose Possession it is, by applying to Mr. Pugh, at his Shop the Corner of Spring Gardens, Charing Cross, or at his Shop, on the Walks at Tunbridge Wells.

**C**CHESTER MACHINE in two Days, on Springs genteel and easy, set out from the George and White Hart Inn in Aldersgate Street, London, and from Mrs. Smith's, at the White Lion, and Mrs. Kibna's, at the Falcon Inns in Chester, every Sunday, Tuesday, and Thursday Nights precisely at Ten. Each Passenger to Chester 2l. 2s. and in Proportion to Whitchurch, Drayton, Newport, &c. each Passenger allowed twenty Pounds Weight, the Overplus is Twopence per Pound; Outside Half Price.

Performed by the Public's most obedient Servants,  
Mess. SMITHS, of Chester.  
JOHN BENSON, of Whitchurch,  
TURVILL DRAYSON, of Dunchurch,  
MINOR COLLEY, of St. Alban's.

HOLYHEAD COACH from Mr. Smith's and Mrs. Kenna's in Chester, every Monday and Thursday Mornings.

*This Day is Published, Price 6d.*  
**THE SECOND EDITION, of**  
**THE GHOST**  
Being a true Account of several Conversations between the supposed APPARITION in Cook Lane and the Gentlemen who attended. Together with the Death and Funeral of Mrs. K. — and many other Circumstances not made known to the World. Published for the Conviction of the Incredulous. I should take the Ghost's Word for a Thousand Pounds.  
Printed for E. Cave, at his Circulating Library in the Room in Ave-mary Lane.

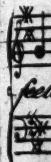




An exact Narrative of many surprising Matters  
of fact, unaccountably wrought by an Evil Spirit or Spirits in  
the House of Master Jan Smagge, Farmer, in Conny-Island,  
near Leigh in Essex, upon the 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th and  
16th of September last, in the Day-time, in the Presence  
of the Reverend Mr. Lord, Curate to the said Island, Jan  
Smagge, Master of the House, and of several Neighbours,  
Servants and Strangers, who came at different Times, as  
Mr. Lord's particular Care to discharge his Duty, and their Co-  
riosity, led them to that Place of Wonders. Together with a true  
Account of some of the most extraordinary Things crossing said Mr.  
Smagge's former delirious the House, both before and since  
Mr. Smagge came into it: The utmost Caution being used not  
to exceed the Truth in the minutest Circumstance. In a Letter  
from London in 1709, of a Gentleman last named. Printed, and  
sold by John Mearns near St. Dunstons Hall, 1709. Price 2d.

**T**HE Queen's Bagnio in Long-Acre, is made very  
convenient for both sexes to sit at, both privately  
every Day in the Week, and cup'd to the last Perfection (be-  
having the best and newest Instrument for that Purpose) It is  
manifestly evident, that it exceeds all others by being more  
and constantly frequented by the Nobility and Gentry. It is a  
for one single Person, but if Two or more come together, it is  
even. There is no Entertainment for Women after 12 a Clock  
at Night; but all Gentlemen that desire Bed, may have it  
for a 2. per Night.

If any Persons desire to be cup'd at their own House, he will  
wait on them himself, he having had the Honour to give a Ge-  
neral Satisfaction to the Nobility in the Performance of that Art,  
which he has acquired to a Nicety by a long and great Practice.  
Note, That his Way of cupping is the very same as was used by  
the late Mr. Verduin decess'd.



Can  
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Can  
Rec

Ca  
V





*A Song, set to Musick by M<sup>r</sup> Wood*

What can a savage's pain man  
feels when his eyes are disturb'd his breast And modest sense his want conceals n<sup>o</sup>.  
thousand thoughts of bar his rest n<sup>o</sup>, thousand thoughts that bar his rest

TO WA 66

Can Wine one gloomy thought remove, No no they're trifling Pleasures all,  
Can titles, wealth or mirth give ease, The Rich enjoy them but a day,  
Can Women's charms or thoughts of law Within their Breast they deign to call  
Recall his Soul or mind to Peace. No'er rest, but vanish soon away.

Content alone can make us sing,  
When wanton Fortune is unkind,  
That sets a wretch above a King;  
And quiets ev'ry ruffled Mind.

*Calliope  
Vol 1 p. 54*

**F L U T E**

Musical notation for the Flute part, consisting of two staves with various notes and rests.



according to the style of the 18th century

*Advice to Cælia* Set to Musick by M<sup>r</sup> Stanley

On Cælia recall thy lost Hours, And duty and reason obey, Do:  
 spile Love and all those false Powers; that first gave young  
 Scorpion the Sway: Believe me the Swain is a royer, Nor  
 constant to any can be, then prioree discard discard such a  
 lover if once more resolve to be free, and once more resolve to be free.

*Flute*





own too, to consider them as ignorant Persons.

*A Letter from Bristol, dated August 14.*

' This Day there was a public Breakfast at Loggon's Long-Room for the Benefit of Mr. Burgess; after which there was a Grand Concert and Ball; at which were present, Lady Gainsborough and Family; Lord and Lady Morton; Sir Charles Frederick and Family, the Russian Ambassador's Lady; and many other Persons of Distinction.

' The Corn in and about this Neighbourhood turns out but very indifferent; it runs much to Straw, the Ear being very thin. Wheat is sold at Bristol at 7s. 6d. per Bushel, eight Gallons Measure; and at the Hot Wells for 10s. ten per Bushel Gallons Measure; and is expected to rise.'

It is said, have suffered consider

Kanc' H. *Ad General' Quarterial' Session' I*  
 Maidstone in *Et pro Com' Kanc'*  
*Septimana prox' post Claus' Pasce*  
 Aprilis, *Anno Regni D'ni Georg*  
 Britann' Franc' *Et Hib'niæ Regi*  
*coram* Rogero Meredith Bar' H  
 Ed'ro Filmer Bar' Will'o Ha  
*suis Justic' dict' D'ni Regis ad pa*  
*necnon ad divers' Felon' Transgr'*  
*Com' perpetrat' audiend' Et term*

**T**HIS Court being informed, that of  
 Resort at *Tunbridge-Wells* in this  
 called *Fairchance, Faro, and Ace of Hearts*  
 trary to the Laws and Statutes of this Re  
 cised, and supported, and several Persons at  
 not known to have any other visible Wa  
 bance and Damage of his Majesty's good Su  
 the said Wells for their Health, or other  
 which Mischiefs and Disorders, and suppre  
 for the future, it is thought fit and ordered  
 mended to the several Justices of Peace of  
 in *Tunbridge-Wells* lie, or who shall be th  
 together as often as there shall be occasion  
 ful means as may be most effectual for pr  
 ful Games at the Places aforesaid, or any R  
 and the Constables, Borsholders, and othe  
*Speldhurst*, and other Parishes in this Count  
 Houses or Buildings thereunto adjoyning is  
 red to be aiding and assisting to the sa  
 every of them will answer the contrary at  
 bles, Borsholders, and other Peace-Officer  
 give publick Notice of this Order, by at  
 notorious Places near *Tunbridge-Wells* afor  
 dered by this Court, That this Order be  
 the *London-Gazette*, for the better Noti  
 son may pretend Ignorance.

*Per Cur'*

S. Fuller

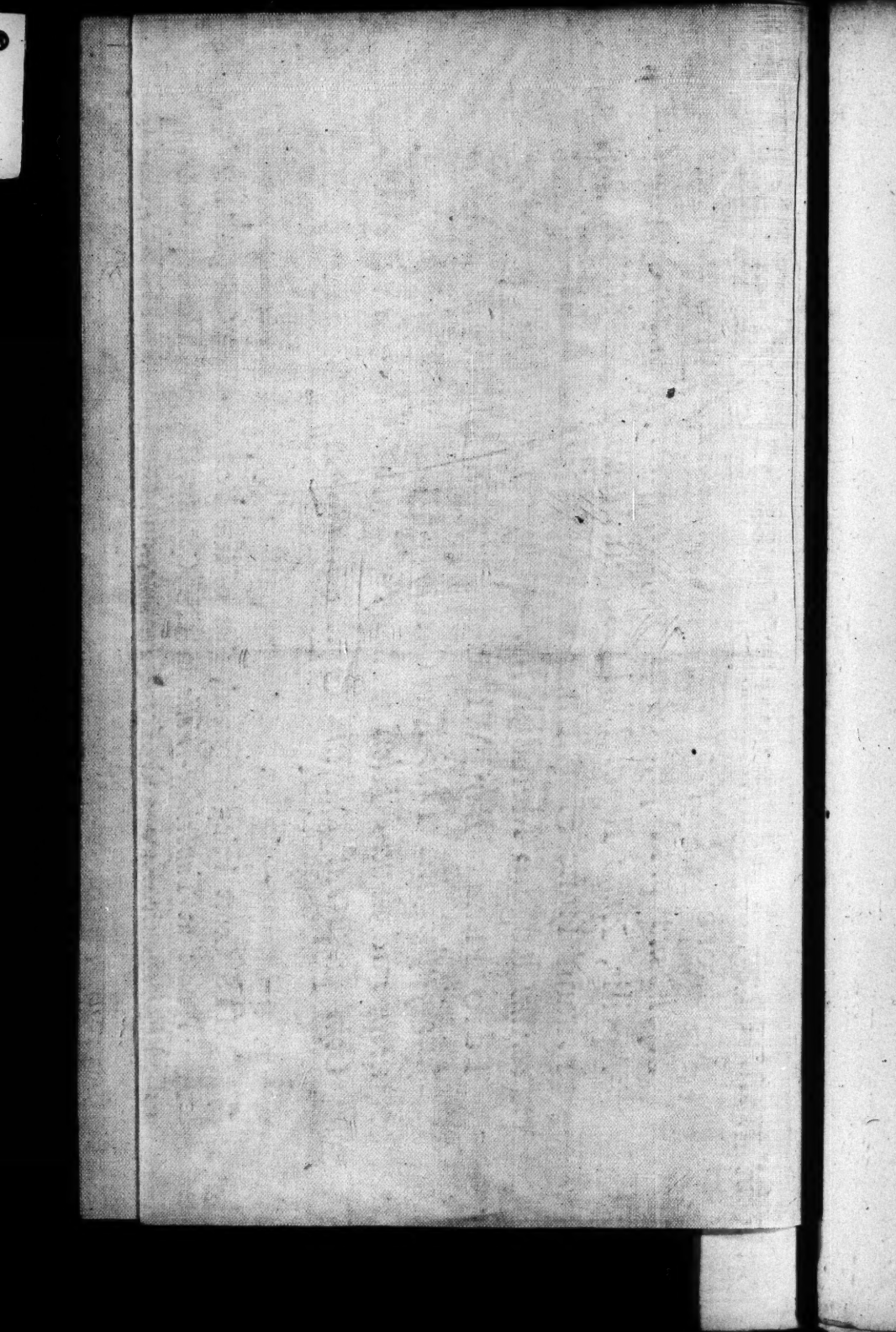
*Sessioni Pacis D'ni Regis tent' apud  
Kanc' præd' Die Martis in prima  
Pasche, scil't decimo quinto die  
Georgii Secundi, Dei gra' Magn'  
Regis, fidei Defens' &c. secundo,  
Bar' Honorabil' Carolo Stuart Ar'  
Hamilton Ar' ac aliis Sociis  
ad pacem Com' præd' conservand'  
transgr' & al' Malefacta in eodem  
terminand' Assign'.*



that of late Years at the usual Season of  
in this County, several unlawful Games  
of Hearts, and other unlawful Games, con-  
of this Realm, are there carried on, ex-  
Persons attend to support the same who are  
fible Way of Living, to the great Distur-  
good Subjects resorting to and frequenting  
r other lawful Occasions: For preventing  
d suppress'g of the said unlawful Games  
d ordered by this Court, that it be recom-  
Peace of this County of the Division where-  
all be there residing, to assemble and meet  
occasion, and to take and use such law-  
al for preventing any of the said Unlaw-  
or any Riots or Routs occasioned thereby;  
and other Peace-Officers of the Parish of  
his County where Tunbridge-Wells, or the  
oyning is or are situate, are hereby requi-  
the said Justices of Peace, as they and  
ntrary at their Peril. And the said Consta-  
ce-Officers, are hereby farther ordered to  
er, by affixing Copies thereof in the most  
Wells aforesaid: And it is also farther or-  
der be forthwith printed and published in  
ter Notification thereof, and that no Per-

10 MA 66

S. Fuller, Cler' Pac' Com' Kanc' præd'







## The TOUTING SONG.



OME visit this Place for their Plea-  
sure,  
And some to recover their Health:  
Some make it their Harvest of Treasure,  
While others are fesc'd of their  
Wealth.

But those who come here for Diversion,  
I think 'em as much in the Wrong;  
As those that expect a true Word,  
From a *Lawyer's* or *Horse-dealer's* Tongue.

The *Touters*, before you're alighted,  
Like so many *Myrmidons* swarm;  
But you have small cause to be frighted,  
Your Purfes nor Persons they'll harm.  
The *Barber* brags of his Performance,  
He'll shave and dress Wiggs very well:  
The *Baker* that serves him with Flower,  
Says, no one can his Bread excel.

3.

The *Farrier* advises plump *John*,  
 And whispers a Word in his Ear,  
 Sir, I shall be glad to drink with you,  
 I am the best *Farrier* here.  
 And while they are striking the Bargain,  
*Tom Ostler* lays hold of their Padds,  
 Cries out, here's good Stabling and Feeding,  
 None like it in all the *Wells*, Lads.

4-

The *Brewers*, the *Butchers*, and *Dippers*,  
 Are most of the clamorous Rout;  
 The *Pastry-Cook*, and the *Shop-keepers*,  
 Are not unmindful to Tout:  
 But if unsuccessful in this,  
 To *Billinggate* Rhet'ric they fall,  
 And would fain scandalize one another,  
 But that—they are Proof against all.

5.

And when you've got rid of these Vermin,  
 And scarcely can get a Night's Rest,  
 You are wak'd betimes in the Morning  
 With Musick that's none of the best.  
 Two Fiddles, Bassoon and a Hautboy,  
 Would fright all the Devils in Hell;  
 And if, after this, you love Touting,  
 I heartily wish you farewell.

A

*Letter from a Gentleman at Paris, to his Friend  
in London, about 1764.*

SIR,

Paris, Aug. 1. 1764.

AGREEABLE to your commands, I shall now give you my remarks on this city, which I think to be very near two thirds as large as London and Westminster, and is very full of people: Its streets are rather narrow, but extremely well paved and clean; but not having a way peculiar to foot-passengers, nor any posts to defend you from their numerous coaches, makes it very disagreeable walking; their houses are five and six story high, and all built of free stone; they reckon in it above hundred hotels, such as Luxembourg, Orleans, Soublis, Thouloze, Noailles, &c. possessed by Princes of the Blood, Nobles, Farmers Generals and others of great fortunes. In several of those palaces I have been, which for elegance far exceeded my expectation, and it gives me pleasure to assure you, that we have not in London so many princely houses as they have, and therefore not so many beggars.

Their public walks, such as the Thuilleries, Luxembourg, Palais Royal, and others, are very pleasant, and they have some very fine churches, in which one sees a profusion of painting, statuary, and monuments; but for the latter, one need not go farther than Westminster-Abbey, which excels any thing of that kind either in Paris, or the kingdom of France. 10 M 66

But if, Sir, you have a mind to see the gayest coaches in Europe, you must come hither; for such gilding, painting and varnish, I will venture to say, you have never seen; and you would be equally surprized to behold the ladies within them, who are not less painted and varnished than their coaches; for nothing is more common than to see a lovely lady here of threescore and ten, with cheeks as red as a cherry.

And if any of your acquaintance have too much money, and but a little inclination to gaming, you may advise them to come hither, and they will soon be eased of their cash; for beside the parties at every private house, there are many public places where two or three hundred wretches of this profession assemble every day, and even at the English Coffee-House, in Rue Comedie.

As to intrigue and gallantry, with all its dire concomitants, this is the city for it; and therefore here it is the idle, the abandoned, the debauched of every part of Europe assembled; and I am very sorry to say that England furnishes the greatest quota; for you would be surprized at the number of Englishmen that are in this city, who are spending great sums of money, and learning nothing but the follies and vices of this profligate people.

As to their Play-houses, they are particularly crowded on Sundays, which is also the day of Bull and Bear-bating. In short, it is the region of every vice, and where great numbers of our fellow subjects ruin both their health and fortunes; for as to the latter, it is enough to be known to be an Englishman; the people then think they have a right to charge what they please, imagining that every man from England comes loaded with guineas, which indeed is the case with many of them, and here they become *Petit Maitres*, adopting French fashions, and are made dupes to those trifling, fantastical, deceitful people: from amongst whom





# TUNBRIDGE VERSES.

*On Mrs. Swanton's breast being stung by a wasp, in Pinchbeck's room.*

WEEP not, sweet nymph, thy tender bosom's smart;

The wound is glorious, and should charm thy  
Is there a fruit that glows with brighter flame?  
To this the birds of heav'n assert their claim.  
Is there a flower with fresher fragrance blown?  
The bee, sagacious, sips from it alone.

The sweetest products of the year they taste,  
And on the garden's pride, instinctive, feast.  
Thus you, my Fair, the first in beauty shine,  
If thine the pain, the glory too is thine.

'Midst the bright circle of the gay and young,  
Where various nymphs awake the poet's song,  
On thee alone th' aerial stranger lights,  
Whom th' opening bud of thy fair breast invites:  
Taught from above, to thee his course to steer,  
Blind to the bloom of Keri\*, and modest grace  
of Seare†.

\* Lady Louisa Ker,

† Miss Harriot Seare.

*Another on the same subject.*

NO more let Poets sing the Queen of Love,  
When for the Apple three contending strove;  
She from an earthly shepherd gain'd the prize,  
For Swanton's sake, Jove chose a new disguise,  
And as a Wasp came flur'ring from the Skies.

*On Miss SEARE's being frighted at the fireworks for the King of Prussia's victory over the Russians.*

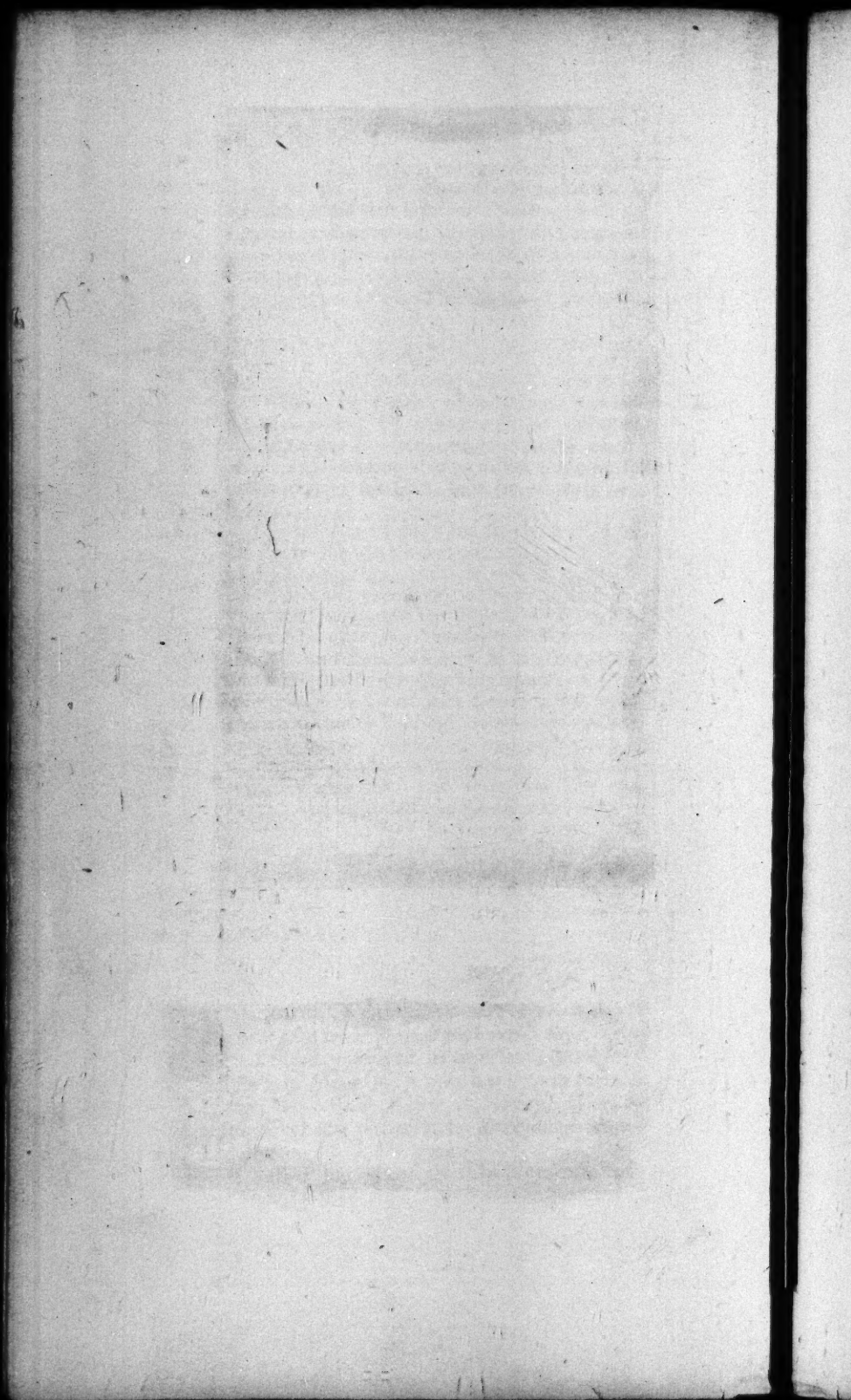
THO' Fred'rick's name, to every friend  
Of Liberty, be dear;

No more such victories let him send,

If they give pain to Seare.

*Extract of Letter from Inverness, August 10.*

Mr. Roswell, accompanied by the celebrated Dr. Samuel Johnson, came to this place on Saturday. They are upon a tour to the Highlands and Western Isles. To see Mr. Johnson in the mountains of Scotland is truly an extraordinary sight.



Warrington, Aug. 4.

Y Eſterday a ſtrange and ſurprizing Creature was ſeen to paſs through our Town on Horſeback: It had the Face of a young Woman ſtuck full of Patches, a Perriwig which hung down to its Waſte, a Hat cock'd with the Smartneſs of a young Officer, a huge Bunch of Ribbons, faſtned behind its Left Shoulder, a Shirt laid in large Pleghts on the Breſt, and tied cloſe at the Neck and Wrifts, which with a Veſt of White Satten trimm'd with Black, had much the Reſemblance of a Shroud. Our whole Town was ſoon alarmed with this ſtrange Appearance, and various are ſtill the Opinions what it really was: The old People, who were the moſt courageous generally, went pretty near to it, with their Spectacles on, to view it more diſtinctly; the younger Sort kept it at an awful Diſtance: Some were of Opinion, that it was a Highwayman in Diſguiſe, and accordingly were for ſeizing it; others took it for a Nun; but by a certain arch Leer it had with its Eyes, I dare engage it had not a Bit of Nun's Fleſh about it: However, by its pale Complexion, moſt of my Neighbours at laſt gravely concluded it to be a Ghoul, and to look to their Heels and left me (who am no great Believer in theſe Things) almoſt alone with it in the Road. I had now an Opportunity, during the Time it was drinking a Glaſs of Rheniſh Wine and Sugar, at the Saracen's Head Inn, to ſurvey it well, and thereupon concluding it to be an Hermaphrodite, I enquir'd of the Man, who ſeem'd to have the keeping of it, if he intended to ſhew it in our Town, and at what Inn? for you muſt know, Sir, that I have a mighty Curioſity to ſee one of thoſe Creatures all over: But the Man with an angry Countenance told me, That what I took for an Hermaphrodite, was only a young Lady, and the Sort of Dreſs ſhe was in, was commonly worn for a Riding-Habit by moſt of the Ladies of Faſhion at London: But as neither I nor my Neighbours can believe it poſſible for harmleſs Folks, upon no ill Deſign, to diſguiſe themſelves in ſuch a Manner, I deſire you will inform us of the Truth, which will tend very much to the Satisfaction of the beſt part of our Town, who are your Readers, and, particularly,

10 MA 66  
Your humble Servant,

HANNAH HOME-BRED.



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A

## LILLYPUTIAN ODE.

By Little L O G A N.



Little Cupid aid my Lays,  
While I little Beauties praise;  
They alone deserve your Care,  
They alone compose the Fair.  
Of those *Germans* I am none  
Who take Beauty by the Ton.

Yet of *L*—be I won't complain,  
Swell'd with Sorrow and Champagne,  
Tho' *An*—r is to me  
Far more Beautiful than she;  
But to *Cl*—f—n those I leave,  
Or to *Jacky* *B*—r—d give,  
No Matter which of either Sings,  
Proper Poets for such Things,  
For Heav'n did to them dispense  
Equal Share of Charms and Sense.  
But the Females that I prize,  
Are of quite a different Size:  
If some Faults in them you find  
They are of the little kind.  
While their Beauties doubly blaze  
Sun-like with contracted Rays,

Little

Little *Naisb's* laughing Eye  
 First demands my Poetry;  
 Little Mouth and Ebon Hair,  
 Quite complete the little Fair;  
 For what is by those exprest,  
 Make me easy guess the Rest.  
*Kitty* \* next delights my Sense  
 With her artless Innocence.  
 Softness fits in every Feature,  
 Every Motion speaks good Nature;  
 Who with her shall take his Rest  
 Will not be a little Blest.  
 But when *Frederic* is seen,  
 All confess the Fairy Queen;  
 For all that is in Heaven fair,  
 Shines in Miniature in her;  
 She exceeds the humane Race,  
 She alone has every Grace;  
 Her ye little *Cupids* bless,  
 Queen of Love and Littleness.

By Mr. M—rr—tt.



When *T—msb—d* begins to leave off  
 her Sins,  
 And her Wit nor Scandal nor Baudy:  
 When good Lady *K—ys* one Gallant  
 shall please

With Paint and with Robings most Taudry:  
 When flutt'ring Miss *B—rd* with her Coxcombs so loud,  
 Such Nothings so forward and bold,  
 Shall have but the Art to enliven the Heart,  
 Hid under a Star bought and sold;

\* Miss *Kitty W—nd—f—y*.

When

When Don *Ferdinand* with Pistol in Hand,  
 Shall save Judge and Jury some Trouble;  
 When his Lordship so witty, who prattles so pretty,  
 But acts like a Fool and a Bubble,  
 Shall do a wise Thing, and speak for the King,  
 'Tis Satire that makes you a Wit;  
 Then shall *Tunbridge* no more on her Walks see a  
 Wh—re,  
 Nor a prostitute Lord, nor a Cit.

By C—LL—Y C—BB—R, Esq;

 Of all the Belles that warm the Walks,  
 Give me *Tranquilla's* \* Airs,  
 Who, while she smiles, or sighs, or talks,  
 Nor conscious is, nor cares;  
 Half pleas'd in Pain, with Indolence,  
 She grieves in Wit, and charms the Sense.  
*With a fa, la, la, &c.*

Let Sages lay down learned Rules,  
 And give the World their Laws,  
 Laws and Wisdom are but Fools  
 While she maintains her Cause;  
 Of all that Nature can produce  
 She better knows the proper Use.  
*With a fa, la, la, &c.*

In Complaisance to Lords she stoops,  
 Tho' never known to mind 'em,  
 But Lords she knows draw Fools in Groups  
 On one Side or behind them;  
 Among 'em then her Eyes she throws,  
 But ne'er what's play'd, or Trump is, knows.  
*With a fa, la, la, &c.*

\* Lady T—<sup>rv</sup>—<sup>2</sup>—<sup>3</sup>—<sup>4</sup>—<sup>5</sup>—<sup>6</sup>—<sup>7</sup>—<sup>8</sup>—<sup>9</sup>—<sup>10</sup>—<sup>11</sup>—<sup>12</sup>—<sup>13</sup>—<sup>14</sup>—<sup>15</sup>—<sup>16</sup>—<sup>17</sup>—<sup>18</sup>—<sup>19</sup>—<sup>20</sup>—<sup>21</sup>—<sup>22</sup>—<sup>23</sup>—<sup>24</sup>—<sup>25</sup>—<sup>26</sup>—<sup>27</sup>—<sup>28</sup>—<sup>29</sup>—<sup>30</sup>—<sup>31</sup>—<sup>32</sup>—<sup>33</sup>—<sup>34</sup>—<sup>35</sup>—<sup>36</sup>—<sup>37</sup>—<sup>38</sup>—<sup>39</sup>—<sup>40</sup>—<sup>41</sup>—<sup>42</sup>—<sup>43</sup>—<sup>44</sup>—<sup>45</sup>—<sup>46</sup>—<sup>47</sup>—<sup>48</sup>—<sup>49</sup>—<sup>50</sup>—<sup>51</sup>—<sup>52</sup>—<sup>53</sup>—<sup>54</sup>—<sup>55</sup>—<sup>56</sup>—<sup>57</sup>—<sup>58</sup>—<sup>59</sup>—<sup>60</sup>—<sup>61</sup>—<sup>62</sup>—<sup>63</sup>—<sup>64</sup>—<sup>65</sup>—<sup>66</sup>—<sup>67</sup>—<sup>68</sup>—<sup>69</sup>—<sup>70</sup>—<sup>71</sup>—<sup>72</sup>—<sup>73</sup>—<sup>74</sup>—<sup>75</sup>—<sup>76</sup>—<sup>77</sup>—<sup>78</sup>—<sup>79</sup>—<sup>80</sup>—<sup>81</sup>—<sup>82</sup>—<sup>83</sup>—<sup>84</sup>—<sup>85</sup>—<sup>86</sup>—<sup>87</sup>—<sup>88</sup>—<sup>89</sup>—<sup>90</sup>—<sup>91</sup>—<sup>92</sup>—<sup>93</sup>—<sup>94</sup>—<sup>95</sup>—<sup>96</sup>—<sup>97</sup>—<sup>98</sup>—<sup>99</sup>—<sup>100</sup>—<sup>101</sup>—<sup>102</sup>—<sup>103</sup>—<sup>104</sup>—<sup>105</sup>—<sup>106</sup>—<sup>107</sup>—<sup>108</sup>—<sup>109</sup>—<sup>110</sup>—<sup>111</sup>—<sup>112</sup>—<sup>113</sup>—<sup>114</sup>—<sup>115</sup>—<sup>116</sup>—<sup>117</sup>—<sup>118</sup>—<sup>119</sup>—<sup>120</sup>—<sup>121</sup>—<sup>122</sup>—<sup>123</sup>—<sup>124</sup>—<sup>125</sup>—<sup>126</sup>—<sup>127</sup>—<sup>128</sup>—<sup>129</sup>—<sup>130</sup>—<sup>131</sup>—<sup>132</sup>—<sup>133</sup>—<sup>134</sup>—<sup>135</sup>—<sup>136</sup>—<sup>137</sup>—<sup>138</sup>—<sup>139</sup>—<sup>140</sup>—<sup>141</sup>—<sup>142</sup>—<sup>143</sup>—<sup>144</sup>—<sup>145</sup>—<sup>146</sup>—<sup>147</sup>—<sup>148</sup>—<sup>149</sup>—<sup>150</sup>—<sup>151</sup>—<sup>152</sup>—<sup>153</sup>—<sup>154</sup>—<sup>155</sup>—<sup>156</sup>—<sup>157</sup>—<sup>158</sup>—<sup>159</sup>—<sup>160</sup>—<sup>161</sup>—<sup>162</sup>—<sup>163</sup>—<sup>164</sup>—<sup>165</sup>—<sup>166</sup>—<sup>167</sup>—<sup>168</sup>—<sup>169</sup>—<sup>170</sup>—<sup>171</sup>—<sup>172</sup>—<sup>173</sup>—<sup>174</sup>—<sup>175</sup>—<sup>176</sup>—<sup>177</sup>—<sup>178</sup>—<sup>179</sup>—<sup>180</sup>—<sup>181</sup>—<sup>182</sup>—<sup>183</sup>—<sup>184</sup>—<sup>185</sup>—<sup>186</sup>—<sup>187</sup>—<sup>188</sup>—<sup>189</sup>—<sup>190</sup>—<sup>191</sup>—<sup>192</sup>—<sup>193</sup>—<sup>194</sup>—<sup>195</sup>—<sup>196</sup>—<sup>197</sup>—<sup>198</sup>—<sup>199</sup>—<sup>200</sup>—<sup>201</sup>—<sup>202</sup>—<sup>203</sup>—<sup>204</sup>—<sup>205</sup>—<sup>206</sup>—<sup>207</sup>—<sup>208</sup>—<sup>209</sup>—<sup>210</sup>—<sup>211</sup>—<sup>212</sup>—<sup>213</sup>—<sup>214</sup>—<sup>215</sup>—<sup>216</sup>—<sup>217</sup>—<sup>218</sup>—<sup>219</sup>—<sup>220</sup>—<sup>221</sup>—<sup>222</sup>—<sup>223</sup>—<sup>224</sup>—<sup>225</sup>—<sup>226</sup>—<sup>227</sup>—<sup>228</sup>—<sup>229</sup>—<sup>230</sup>—<sup>231</sup>—<sup>232</sup>—<sup>233</sup>—<sup>234</sup>—<sup>235</sup>—<sup>236</sup>—<sup>237</sup>—<sup>238</sup>—<sup>239</sup>—<sup>240</sup>—<sup>241</sup>—<sup>242</sup>—<sup>243</sup>—<sup>244</sup>—<sup>245</sup>—<sup>246</sup>—<sup>247</sup>—<sup>248</sup>—<sup>249</sup>—<sup>250</sup>—<sup>251</sup>—<sup>252</sup>—<sup>253</sup>—<sup>254</sup>—<sup>255</sup>—<sup>256</sup>—<sup>257</sup>—<sup>258</sup>—<sup>259</sup>—<sup>260</sup>—<sup>261</sup>—<sup>262</sup>—<sup>263</sup>—<sup>264</sup>—<sup>265</sup>—<sup>266</sup>—<sup>267</sup>—<sup>268</sup>—<sup>269</sup>—<sup>270</sup>—<sup>271</sup>—<sup>272</sup>—<sup>273</sup>—<sup>274</sup>—<sup>275</sup>—<sup>276</sup>—<sup>277</sup>—<sup>278</sup>—<sup>279</sup>—<sup>280</sup>—<sup>281</sup>—<sup>282</sup>—<sup>283</sup>—<sup>284</sup>—<sup>285</sup>—<sup>286</sup>—<sup>287</sup>—<sup>288</sup>—<sup>289</sup>—<sup>290</sup>—<sup>291</sup>—<sup>292</sup>—<sup>293</sup>—<sup>294</sup>—<sup>295</sup>—<sup>296</sup>—<sup>297</sup>—<sup>298</sup>—<sup>299</sup>—<sup>300</sup>—<sup>301</sup>—<sup>302</sup>—<sup>303</sup>—<sup>304</sup>—<sup>305</sup>—<sup>306</sup>—<sup>307</sup>—<sup>308</sup>—<sup>309</sup>—<sup>310</sup>—<sup>311</sup>—<sup>312</sup>—<sup>313</sup>—<sup>314</sup>—<sup>315</sup>—<sup>316</sup>—<sup>317</sup>—<sup>318</sup>—<sup>319</sup>—<sup>320</sup>—<sup>321</sup>—<sup>322</sup>—<sup>323</sup>—<sup>324</sup>—<sup>325</sup>—<sup>326</sup>—<sup>327</sup>—<sup>328</sup>—<sup>329</sup>—<sup>330</sup>—<sup>331</sup>—<sup>332</sup>—<sup>333</sup>—<sup>334</sup>—<sup>335</sup>—<sup>336</sup>—<sup>337</sup>—<sup>338</sup>—<sup>339</sup>—<sup>340</sup>—<sup>341</sup>—<sup>342</sup>—<sup>343</sup>—<sup>344</sup>—<sup>345</sup>—<sup>346</sup>—<sup>347</sup>—<sup>348</sup>—<sup>349</sup>—<sup>350</sup>—<sup>351</sup>—<sup>352</sup>—<sup>353</sup>—<sup>354</sup>—<sup>355</sup>—<sup>356</sup>—<sup>357</sup>—<sup>358</sup>—<sup>359</sup>—<sup>360</sup>—<sup>361</sup>—<sup>362</sup>—<sup>363</sup>—<sup>364</sup>—<sup>365</sup>—<sup>366</sup>—<sup>367</sup>—<sup>368</sup>—<sup>369</sup>—<sup>370</sup>—<sup>371</sup>—<sup>372</sup>—<sup>373</sup>—<sup>374</sup>—<sup>375</sup>—<sup>376</sup>—<sup>377</sup>—<sup>378</sup>—<sup>379</sup>—<sup>380</sup>—<sup>381</sup>—<sup>382</sup>—<sup>383</sup>—<sup>384</sup>—<sup>385</sup>—<sup>386</sup>—<sup>387</sup>—<sup>388</sup>—<sup>389</sup>—<sup>390</sup>—<sup>391</sup>—<sup>392</sup>—<sup>393</sup>—<sup>394</sup>—<sup>395</sup>—<sup>396</sup>—<sup>397</sup>—<sup>398</sup>—<sup>399</sup>—<sup>400</sup>—<sup>401</sup>—<sup>402</sup>—<sup>403</sup>—<sup>404</sup>—<sup>405</sup>—<sup>406</sup>—<sup>407</sup>—<sup>408</sup>—<sup>409</sup>—<sup>410</sup>—<sup>411</sup>—<sup>412</sup>—<sup>413</sup>—<sup>414</sup>—<sup>415</sup>—<sup>416</sup>—<sup>417</sup>—<sup>418</sup>—<sup>419</sup>—<sup>420</sup>—<sup>421</sup>—<sup>422</sup>—<sup>423</sup>—<sup>424</sup>—<sup>425</sup>—<sup>426</sup>—<sup>427</sup>—<sup>428</sup>—<sup>429</sup>—<sup>430</sup>—<sup>431</sup>—<sup>432</sup>—<sup>433</sup>—<sup>434</sup>—<sup>435</sup>—<sup>436</sup>—<sup>437</sup>—<sup>438</sup>—<sup>439</sup>—<sup>440</sup>—<sup>441</sup>—<sup>442</sup>—<sup>443</sup>—<sup>444</sup>—<sup>445</sup>—<sup>446</sup>—<sup>447</sup>—<sup>448</sup>—<sup>449</sup>—<sup>450</sup>—<sup>451</sup>—<sup>452</sup>—<sup>453</sup>—<sup>454</sup>—<sup>455</sup>—<sup>456</sup>—<sup>457</sup>—<sup>458</sup>—<sup>459</sup>—<sup>460</sup>—<sup>461</sup>—<sup>462</sup>—<sup>463</sup>—<sup>464</sup>—<sup>465</sup>—<sup>466</sup>—<sup>467</sup>—<sup>468</sup>—<sup>469</sup>—<sup>470</sup>—<sup>471</sup>—<sup>472</sup>—<sup>473</sup>—<sup>474</sup>—<sup>475</sup>—<sup>476</sup>—<sup>477</sup>—<sup>478</sup>—<sup>479</sup>—<sup>480</sup>—<sup>481</sup>—<sup>482</sup>—<sup>483</sup>—<sup>484</sup>—<sup>485</sup>—<sup>486</sup>—<sup>487</sup>—<sup>488</sup>—<sup>489</sup>—<sup>490</sup>—<sup>491</sup>—<sup>492</sup>—<sup>493</sup>—<sup>494</sup>—<sup>495</sup>—<sup>496</sup>—<sup>497</sup>—<sup>498</sup>—<sup>499</sup>—<sup>500</sup>—<sup>501</sup>—<sup>502</sup>—<sup>503</sup>—<sup>504</sup>—<sup>505</sup>—<sup>506</sup>—<sup>507</sup>—<sup>508</sup>—<sup>509</sup>—<sup>510</sup>—<sup>511</sup>—<sup>512</sup>—<sup>513</sup>—<sup>514</sup>—<sup>515</sup>—<sup>516</sup>—<sup>517</sup>—<sup>518</sup>—<sup>519</sup>—<sup>520</sup>—<sup>521</sup>—<sup>522</sup>—<sup>523</sup>—<sup>524</sup>—<sup>525</sup>—<sup>526</sup>—<sup>527</sup>—<sup>528</sup>—<sup>529</sup>—<sup>530</sup>—<sup>531</sup>—<sup>532</sup>—<sup>533</sup>—<sup>534</sup>—<sup>535</sup>—<sup>536</sup>—<sup>537</sup>—<sup>538</sup>—<sup>539</sup>—<sup>540</sup>—<sup>541</sup>—<sup>542</sup>—<sup>543</sup>—<sup>544</sup>—<sup>545</sup>—<sup>546</sup>—<sup>547</sup>—<sup>548</sup>—<sup>549</sup>—<sup>550</sup>—<sup>551</sup>—<sup>552</sup>—<sup>553</sup>—<sup>554</sup>—<sup>555</sup>—<sup>556</sup>—<sup>557</sup>—<sup>558</sup>—<sup>559</sup>—<sup>560</sup>—<sup>561</sup>—<sup>562</sup>—<sup>563</sup>—<sup>564</sup>—<sup>565</sup>—<sup>566</sup>—<sup>567</sup>—<sup>568</sup>—<sup>569</sup>—<sup>570</sup>—<sup>571</sup>—<sup>572</sup>—<sup>573</sup>—<sup>574</sup>—<sup>575</sup>—<sup>576</sup>—<sup>577</sup>—<sup>578</sup>—<sup>579</sup>—<sup>580</sup>—<sup>581</sup>—<sup>582</sup>—<sup>583</sup>—<sup>584</sup>—<sup>585</sup>—<sup>586</sup>—<sup>587</sup>—<sup>588</sup>—<sup>589</sup>—<sup>590</sup>—<sup>591</sup>—<sup>592</sup>—<sup>593</sup>—<sup>594</sup>—<sup>595</sup>—<sup>596</sup>—<sup>597</sup>—<sup>598</sup>—<sup>599</sup>—<sup>600</sup>—<sup>601</sup>—<sup>602</sup>—<sup>603</sup>—<sup>604</sup>—<sup>605</sup>—<sup>606</sup>—<sup>607</sup>—<sup>608</sup>—<sup>609</sup>—<sup>610</sup>—<sup>611</sup>—<sup>612</sup>—<sup>613</sup>—<sup>614</sup>—<sup>615</sup>—<sup>616</sup>—<sup>617</sup>—<sup>618</sup>—<sup>619</sup>—<sup>620</sup>—<sup>621</sup>—<sup>622</sup>—<sup>623</sup>—<sup>624</sup>—<sup>625</sup>—<sup>626</sup>—<sup>627</sup>—<sup>628</sup>—<sup>629</sup>—<sup>630</sup>—<sup>631</sup>—<sup>632</sup>—<sup>633</sup>—<sup>634</sup>—<sup>635</sup>—<sup>636</sup>—<sup>637</sup>—<sup>638</sup>—<sup>639</sup>—<sup>640</sup>—<sup>641</sup>—<sup>642</sup>—<sup>643</sup>—<sup>644</sup>—<sup>645</sup>—<sup>646</sup>—<sup>647</sup>—<sup>648</sup>—<sup>649</sup>—<sup>650</sup>—<sup>651</sup>—<sup>652</sup>—<sup>653</sup>—<sup>654</sup>—<sup>655</sup>—<sup>656</sup>—<sup>657</sup>—<sup>658</sup>—<sup>659</sup>—<sup>660</sup>—<sup>661</sup>—<sup>662</sup>—<sup>663</sup>—<sup>664</sup>—<sup>665</sup>—<sup>666</sup>—<sup>667</sup>—<sup>668</sup>—<sup>669</sup>—<sup>670</sup>—<sup>671</sup>—<sup>672</sup>—<sup>673</sup>—<sup>674</sup>—<sup>675</sup>—<sup>676</sup>—<sup>677</sup>—<sup>678</sup>—<sup>679</sup>—<sup>680</sup>—<sup>681</sup>—<sup>682</sup>—<sup>683</sup>—<sup>684</sup>—<sup>685</sup>—<sup>686</sup>—<sup>687</sup>—<sup>688</sup>—<sup>689</sup>—<sup>690</sup>—<sup>691</sup>—<sup>692</sup>—<sup>693</sup>—<sup>694</sup>—<sup>695</sup>—<sup>696</sup>—<sup>697</sup>—<sup>698</sup>—<sup>699</sup>—<sup>700</sup>—<sup>701</sup>—<sup>702</sup>—<sup>703</sup>—<sup>704</sup>—<sup>705</sup>—<sup>706</sup>—<sup>707</sup>—<sup>708</sup>—<sup>709</sup>—<sup>710</sup>—<sup>711</sup>—<sup>712</sup>—<sup>713</sup>—<sup>714</sup>—<sup>715</sup>—<sup>716</sup>—<sup>717</sup>—<sup>718</sup>—<sup>719</sup>—<sup>720</sup>—<sup>721</sup>—<sup>722</sup>—<sup>723</sup>—<sup>724</sup>—<sup>725</sup>—<sup>726</sup>—<sup>727</sup>—<sup>728</sup>—<sup>729</sup>—<sup>730</sup>—<sup>731</sup>—<sup>732</sup>—<sup>733</sup>—<sup>734</sup>—<sup>735</sup>—<sup>736</sup>—<sup>737</sup>—<sup>738</sup>—<sup>739</sup>—<sup>740</sup>—<sup>741</sup>—<sup>742</sup>—<sup>743</sup>—<sup>744</sup>—<sup>745</sup>—<sup>746</sup>—<sup>747</sup>—<sup>748</sup>—<sup>749</sup>—<sup>750</sup>—<sup>751</sup>—<sup>752</sup>—<sup>753</sup>—<sup>754</sup>—<sup>755</sup>—<sup>756</sup>—<sup>757</sup>—<sup>758</sup>—<sup>759</sup>—<sup>760</sup>—<sup>761</sup>—<sup>762</sup>—<sup>763</sup>—<sup>764</sup>—<sup>765</sup>—<sup>766</sup>—<sup>767</sup>—<sup>768</sup>—<sup>769</sup>—<sup>770</sup>—<sup>771</sup>—<sup>772</sup>—<sup>773</sup>—<sup>774</sup>—<sup>775</sup>—<sup>776</sup>—<sup>777</sup>—<sup>778</sup>—<sup>779</sup>—<sup>780</sup>—<sup>781</sup>—<sup>782</sup>—<sup>783</sup>—<sup>784</sup>—<sup>785</sup>—<sup>786</sup>—<sup>787</sup>—<sup>788</sup>—<sup>789</sup>—<sup>790</sup>—<sup>791</sup>—<sup>792</sup>—<sup>793</sup>—<sup>794</sup>—<sup>795</sup>—<sup>796</sup>—<sup>797</sup>—<sup>798</sup>—<sup>799</sup>—<sup>800</sup>—<sup>801</sup>—<sup>802</sup>—<sup>803</sup>—<sup>804</sup>—<sup>805</sup>—<sup>806</sup>—<sup>807</sup>—<sup>808</sup>—<sup>809</sup>—<sup>810</sup>—<sup>811</sup>—<sup>812</sup>—<sup>813</sup>—<sup>814</sup>—<sup>815</sup>—<sup>816</sup>—<sup>817</sup>—<sup>818</sup>—<sup>819</sup>—<sup>820</sup>—<sup>821</sup>—<sup>822</sup>—<sup>823</sup>—<sup>824</sup>—<sup>825</sup>—<sup>826</sup>—<sup>827</sup>—<sup>828</sup>—<sup>829</sup>—<sup>830</sup>—<sup>831</sup>—<sup>832</sup>—<sup>833</sup>—<sup>834</sup>—<sup>835</sup>—<sup>836</sup>—<sup>837</sup>—<sup>838</sup>—<sup>839</sup>—<sup>840</sup>—<sup>841</sup>—<sup>842</sup>—<sup>843</sup>—<sup>844</sup>—<sup>845</sup>—<sup>846</sup>—<sup>847</sup>—<sup>848</sup>—<sup>849</sup>—<sup>850</sup>—<sup>851</sup>—<sup>852</sup>—<sup>853</sup>—<sup>854</sup>—<sup>855</sup>—<sup>856</sup>—<sup>857</sup>—<sup>858</sup>—<sup>859</sup>—<sup>860</sup>—<sup>861</sup>—<sup>862</sup>—<sup>863</sup>—<sup>864</sup>—<sup>865</sup>—<sup>866</sup>—<sup>867</sup>—<sup>868</sup>—<sup>869</sup>—<sup>870</sup>—<sup>871</sup>—<sup>872</sup>—<sup>873</sup>—<sup>874</sup>—<sup>875</sup>—<sup>876</sup>—<sup>877</sup>—<sup>878</sup>—<sup>879</sup>—<sup>880</sup>—<sup>881</sup>—<sup>882</sup>—<sup>883</sup>—<sup>884</sup>—<sup>885</sup>—<sup>886</sup>—<sup>887</sup>—<sup>888</sup>—<sup>889</sup>—<sup>890</sup>—<sup>891</sup>—<sup>892</sup>—<sup>893</sup>—<sup>894</sup>—<sup>895</sup>—<sup>896</sup>—<sup>897</sup>—<sup>898</sup>—<sup>899</sup>—<sup>900</sup>—<sup>901</sup>—<sup>902</sup>—<sup>903</sup>—<sup>904</sup>—<sup>905</sup>—<sup>906</sup>—<sup>907</sup>—<sup>908</sup>—<sup>909</sup>—<sup>910</sup>—<sup>911</sup>—<sup>912</sup>—<sup>913</sup>—<sup>914</sup>—<sup>915</sup>—<sup>916</sup>—<sup>917</sup>—<sup>918</sup>—<sup>919</sup>—<sup>920</sup>—<sup>921</sup>—<sup>922</sup>—<sup>923</sup>—<sup>924</sup>—<sup>925</sup>—<sup>926</sup>—<sup>927</sup>—<sup>928</sup>—<sup>929</sup>—<sup>930</sup>—<sup>931</sup>—<sup>932</sup>—<sup>933</sup>—<sup>934</sup>—<sup>935</sup>—<sup>936</sup>—<sup>937</sup>—<sup>938</sup>—<sup>939</sup>—<sup>940</sup>—<sup>941</sup>—<sup>942</sup>—<sup>943</sup>—<sup>944</sup>—<sup>945</sup>—<sup>946</sup>—<sup>947</sup>—<sup>948</sup>—<sup>949</sup>—<sup>950</sup>—<sup>951</sup>—<sup>952</sup>—<sup>953</sup>—<sup>954</sup>—<sup>955</sup>—<sup>956</sup>—<sup>957</sup>—<sup>958</sup>—<sup>959</sup>—<sup>960</sup>—<sup>961</sup>—<sup>962</sup>—<sup>963</sup>—<sup>964</sup>—<sup>965</sup>—<sup>966</sup>—<sup>967</sup>—<sup>968</sup>—<sup>969</sup>—<sup>970</sup>—<sup>971</sup>—<sup>972</sup>—<sup>973</sup>—<sup>974</sup>—<sup>975</sup>—<sup>976</sup>—<sup>977</sup>—<sup>978</sup>—<sup>979</sup>—<sup>980</sup>—<sup>981</sup>—<sup>982</sup>—<sup>983</sup>—<sup>984</sup>—<sup>985</sup>—<sup>986</sup>—<sup>987</sup>—<sup>988</sup>—<sup>989</sup>—<sup>990</sup>—<sup>991</sup>—<sup>992</sup>—<sup>993</sup>—<sup>994</sup>—<sup>995</sup>—<sup>996</sup>—<sup>997</sup>—<sup>998</sup>—<sup>999</sup>—<sup>1000</sup>—<sup>1001</sup>—<sup>1002</sup>—<sup>1003</sup>—<sup>1004</sup>—<sup>1005</sup>—<sup>1006</sup>—<sup>1007</sup>—<sup>1008</sup>—<sup>1009</sup>—<sup>1010</sup>—<sup>1011</sup>—<sup>1012</sup>—<sup>1013</sup>—<sup>1014</sup>—<sup>1015</sup>—<sup>1016</sup>—<sup>1017</sup>—<sup>1018</sup>—<sup>1019</sup>—<sup>1020</sup>—<sup>1021</sup>—<sup>1022</sup>—<sup>1023</sup>—<sup>1024</sup>—<sup>1025</sup>—<sup>1026</sup>—<sup>1027</sup>—<sup>1028</sup>—<sup>1029</sup>—<sup>1030</sup>—<sup>1031</sup>—<sup>1032</sup>—<sup>1033</sup>—<sup>1034</sup>—<sup>1035</sup>—<sup>1036</sup>—<sup>1037</sup>—<sup>1038</sup>—<sup>1039</sup>—<sup>1040</sup>—<sup>1041</sup>—<sup>1042</sup>—<sup>1043</sup>—<sup>1044</sup>—<sup>1045</sup>—<sup>1046</sup>—<sup>1047</sup>—<sup>1048</sup>—<sup>1049</sup>—<sup>1050</sup>—<sup>1051</sup>—<sup>1052</sup>—<sup>1053</sup>—<sup>1054</sup>—<sup>1055</sup>—<sup>1056</sup>—<sup>1057</sup>—<sup>1058</sup>—<sup>1059</sup>—<sup>1060</sup>—<sup>1061</sup>—<sup>1062</sup>—<sup>1063</sup>—<sup>1064</sup>—<sup>1065</sup>—<sup>1066</sup>—<sup>1067</sup>—<sup>1068</sup>—<sup>1069</sup>—<sup>1070</sup>—<sup>1071</sup>—<sup>1072</sup>—<sup>1073</sup>—<sup>1074</sup>—<sup>1075</sup>—<sup>1076</sup>—<sup>1077</sup>—<sup>1078</sup>—<sup>1079</sup>—<sup>1080</sup>—<sup>1081</sup>—<sup>1082</sup>—<sup>1083</sup>—<sup>1084</sup>—<sup>1085</sup>—<sup>1086</sup>—<sup>1087</sup>—<sup>1088</sup>—<sup>1089</sup>—<sup>1090</sup>—<sup>1091</sup>—<sup>1092</sup>—<sup>1093</sup>—<sup>1094</sup>—<sup>1095</sup>—<sup>1096</sup>—<sup>1097</sup>—<sup>1098</sup>—<sup>1099</sup>—<sup>1100</sup>—<sup>1101</sup>—<sup>1102</sup>—<sup>1103</sup>—<sup>1104</sup>—<sup>1105</sup>—<sup>1106</sup>—<sup>1107</sup>—<sup>1108</sup>—<sup>1109</sup>—<sup>1110</sup>—<sup>1111</sup>—<sup>1112</sup>—<sup>1113</sup>—<sup>1114</sup>—<sup>1115</sup>—<sup>1116</sup>—<sup>1117</sup>—<sup>1118</sup>—<sup>1119</sup>—<sup>1120</sup>—<sup>1121</sup>—<sup>1122</sup>—<sup>1123</sup>—<sup>1124</sup>—<sup>1125</sup>—<sup>1126</sup>—<sup>1127</sup>—<sup>1128</sup>—<sup>1129</sup>—<sup>1130</sup>—<sup>1131</sup>—<sup>1132</sup>—<sup>1133</sup>—<sup>1134</sup>—<sup>1135</sup>—<sup>1136</sup>—<sup>1137</sup>—<sup>1138</sup>—<sup>1139</sup>—<sup>1140</sup>—<sup>1141</sup>—<sup>1142</sup>—<sup>1143</sup>—<sup>1144</sup>—<sup>1145</sup>—<sup>1146</sup>—<sup>1147</sup>—<sup>1148</sup>—<sup>1149</sup>—<sup>1150</sup>—<sup>1151</sup>—<sup>1152</sup>—<sup>1153</sup>—<sup>1154</sup>—<sup>1155</sup>—<sup>1156</sup>—<sup>1157</sup>—<sup>1158</sup>—<sup>1159</sup>—<sup>1160</sup>—<sup>1161</sup>—<sup>1162</sup>—<

To laugh the Cares of Life away  
 She knows is all worth knowing;  
 Where'er she schemes, or plans the Day,  
 Delight is ever flowing.  
 For every bright Thing said or done,  
 She says or does you three for One.  
*With a fa, la, la, &c.*

Tho' on the World her laughing Eyes,  
 And random Wit she throws,  
 Yet venial Faults she don't despise  
 And in herself allows;  
 But then those Faults no envious Elf  
 More smartly rallies than herself.  
*With a fa, la, la, &c.*

At Meal, at Cards, at Home, at Court,  
 The single Nymph, or Wife,  
 If to her School they once resort  
 Must mend their Taste of Life.  
 Restraint and Forms were made for Fools,  
 The Wife and Happy laugh at Rules.  
*With a fa, la, la, &c.*

# ODE By the Captain.

When Frederick play'd the sprightly Eye  
 I fled the fatal Dart.  
 Whoever look'd, I knew, must dys,  
 So say'd for once my Heart.  
 But Kitty \* smil'd so innocent,  
 I look'd suspicious on,  
 Too late I found it to repent,  
 I gaz'd, and was undone.

\* Miss Kitty W—ndf—r.

Thus



Thus open Enemies we know,  
And from the Danger fly;  
But do not shun the secret Foe,  
And in the Ambush dye.



## Upon three Provident Knights.

By a Gentleman.



Three Tunbridge Knights now jointly grace  
my Pen,  
Such as perhaps you ne'er may see again;  
All fam'd for something more than Com-  
mon Men.

The first, altho' a Knight \* of noble Birth,  
Counts his fat Pars'nage but of little Worth:  
Pars'nage, said I? But Reader, pray be sure,  
'Tis not the Money, but the *Sine-Cure*;  
That once obtain'd—The Gown and Cassock next,  
Are laid aside, as foreign to his Text:  
Which is t' improve his Lands, not cure his Souls,  
That his poor Curate's left to do in Shoals:  
For his Reward—He prays the Parish blind,  
To get what his great Master left behind.

Behold Divinity now laid aside,  
As with his Quality not fit t' abide;  
He struts about, with Ruffles at his Hands,  
And keeps his Slaves to fly at his Commands.  
His lovely Spouse with *Slipper* down at Heel,  
At publick Treat can make a hearty Meal.

Another Knight † behold with Arm in Sling,  
Who's famous for a more praise-worthy Thing.  
Knowing th' Extravagancies of this Place,  
That he may be excus'd, Sirs, with a Grace,

\* Sir Fr—nc—s H—d.

† Sir J—n Sh—ll—y.

Quoth he, " I'm lame, I can't, indeed Ma'am, play,  
 " You'll soon find more, to pass your Time away."  
 Thus all Day long, his Arm's in good Repose,  
 Unless to save the Droppings of his *Nose*.

A Third's \* commended for good Husbandry,  
 Altho' of great Estate and Quality;  
 He scorns your lofty Domes——mere outside show,  
 And wisely says——" I've learnt my self to know,  
 " Man is but frail, and Earth his only Carpet,  
 " My Pride's to lodge at th' Corner of a Market;  
 " Graves are the fittest for our earthly Clay,  
 " Since we like Soap and Salt soon melt away."



By Mr. D——nt.



I D me, *Cupid*, God of Smiles,  
 Grant to me the beauteous *Miles*;  
 Cast away lascivious Darts  
 Made to captivate loose Hearts:  
 Slaves to Passion scorn to move,  
 Force the Virtuous brave to love;  
 Strive to conquer one that's free  
 And exults in Liberty;  
 Make fair *Miles* thy Power to own,  
 Thou'lt deserve a triple Crown.  
 Let the Nymph (if won) be mine,  
 Soon the Victory shall be thine.  
*Venus'* Quiver from thee throw,  
 (Wanton Arms are useless now)  
 Borrow *Dian's* Shafts and Bow:  
*Dian's* Shafts from *Cupid's* Hand  
 Will a gentle Love command.  
 Draw the Arrow, God of Love,  
 Feather't from the harmless Dove.

With

\* Sir W——l——r R——b——ts.

# MASQUERADE INTELLIGENCE.

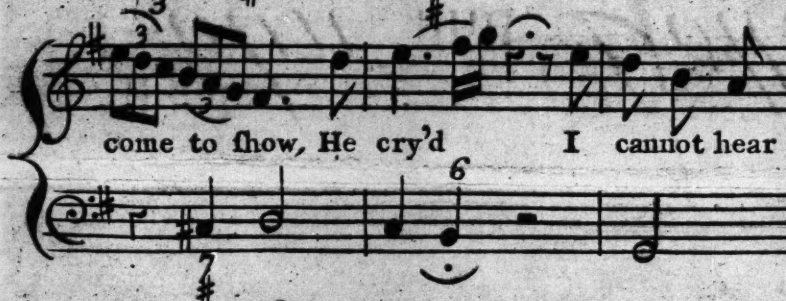
**A**BOUT three hundred Masks assembled at the Festino Rooms in Hanover-square, on Monday Evening; among them were several Characters; but, as usual, few that were good. The principal who merited Notice, were a Watchman with his Lantern, a Gardener, a Pilgrim, a Chimney-sweeper, with a Mock Doctor's Wig; a Saxon Chasseur, a Masculine Bunter, a broken-backed Squire Groom, a long-nosed Watch, a Harlequin, a Postillion, a Spaniard, two Waggoners, a Country Toy-seller, and a Jew Pedlar, with the customary Number of Fruit Girls, Hay-makers, and Ladies in Fancy Dresses; what was rather extraordinary, there was not one Prior. The very Circumstance that seemed likely to prevent the Effusion of Mirth, contributed chiefly to the Evening's Meriment. As there was but one large Room, the Company were necessarily combined; and as an excellent Band of Music were placed in the Orchestra, the Feet of all present moved involuntarily, and it was one general Dance for the best Part of the Evening. Before the Supper-room was opened, a few Minuets were admirably well moved by Masks, who were the Scholars of Mr. Gallini. At One the Doors of the lower Apartment were opened, and displayed a large, lofty Room, set round with Side-boards, bearing a very plentiful Collation, consisting of cold and roasted Meats, Turkeys, Fowls, Hams, Brawn, Patties of different Kinds, Iced Creams of various Sorts, and Confectionary. The Wines were Burgundy, Claret, Old Hock, Madeira, and Port. Of each Kind there was an astonishing Plenty; and what is still more astonishing, they were in general exceedingly good. From the Excellency and Plenty of the Provisions and Wines, the Proprietors, we should imagine, were but trifling Gainers by the Evening's Entertainment; be that as it may, they certainly exceeded the Expectations of the Company. During the Evening there was Plenty of Tea, Coffee, Cakes, Organs, and Lemonade. After Supper the Company exhibited the most perfect Mirth and Harmony. Every Mask seemed pleased; our old Acquaintance, the blue Domino with the cork-black'd Face, as usual, reclined upon two Chairs, and shored in Unison with the Drone of the Bagpipe, the Grunting of Hogs, the Lowing of Kine, the Braying of Jack-Asses, or any other sound like Similitude which best pleases the Reader's Ear. Some waggish Masks, to keep him warm, buried him under a Pile of Chairs, which he bore with the most inanimate Patience. We have already mentioned the characteristic Masks; it may therefore appear superfluous to repeat our Notice of any; but we cannot help observing, that the Jew Pedlar was a mere Duke's place Usher; he neither understood Hebrew, Portuguese, nor German. The Squire Groom crept about the Room like a losing Jockey; and the Watchman, at Four o'Clock in the Morning, roared out, "Past Twelve o'Clock."

THE ROOM, which is formed upon the most elegant Construction, and ornamented with some of the finest transparent Figures of Crystal, Dance, and the best Painters that we ever beheld, was clear about Eight in the Morning, when each Mask retired, expressing his Satisfaction at the Night's Entertainment.



# Colin and Dolly

10MA 60



2

In moving Words she told a Tale,  
That might o'er any Heart prevail  
Ask'd why he had forsook her Cot,  
And was poor DOLLY quite forgot?  
If so, (Tears trembling in her Eye)  
She said, she'd sit her down and dye;  
Do so, says COLIN, and I vow,  
My Dear, I cannot hear thee now.  
I cannot &c.



# *Dolly, proper for y<sup>e</sup> G. Flute*

as ting'd with Gold, when COLIN went to view his Fold,  
DOLLY met the perjurd Swain. Ang  
der Breast heav'd with a Sigh; but when her Grief she  
not hear thee now, I cannot I cannot I cannot hear thee

3

Resentment kindling o'er her Cheek,  
Says she, another Love I'll seek,  
DAMON will prize these flighted Charms,  
And kindly take them to his Arms,  
The Swain whom Honour cou'd not move,  
By Jealousy was wak'd to Love,  
Says he, forgive see yonder Mow,  
Step there! I'll stay to hear thee now,  
I'll stay &c.

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A

With a Thorn from Virtue's Way,  
 Barb the Weapon, God, I pray,  
 That it may not fail to stay.  
 Virtue's Thorn will fix her more  
 Than the Gold you've used before  
 To make other Maids adore.  
 Let it be the last she prove,  
 May she feel no Pain but Love.  
 But stay, *Cupid*, e'er you strike,  
 Make the Nymph and me alike;  
 Form my Soul like her's, divine,  
 Else I'm sure she'll ne'er me mine.



# VERSES found in a Lady's Pocket Book,

*With the Picture of Mr. POPE inclosed.*



ON the Lillyputian GOD I look;  
 Which is confin'd within my Pocket Book:  
 And whilst I gaze, repeat th' immortal  
 Name,  
 That is eterniz'd in the Rolls of Fame.  
 Reason, that should my Troop of Thoughts command,  
 Holds not her Office when its in my Hand;  
 For whilst I scan each sacred Feature o'er,  
 I am transform'd to an Idolater;  
 Then I resolve th' Original to see:  
 But what can that e'er signify to me?  
 His Soul shines thro' the Clay; and I'm confin'd  
 Alone to gaze on his illustrious mind.





On Mr. POPE. By Mrs. W—ll—tt.



Sing the Nation's Praise, while here I boast  
A God-like Poet on the *British* Coast.  
His Mind extensive, and each Thought so  
pure,  
He must be *Raphael* sure in Miniature;  
Or some such heavenly Guest, that's hither sent  
To inform the Judgments of the Ignorant.  
If such a Thing as Transmigration is  
Of Souls, what must I not conceive of his?  
When I peruse each Piece that he has wrote,  
My Soul's in Rapture and consum'd in Thought;  
'Tis then while Fancy plays upon my Sight,  
I form Ideas of him with Delight:  
Whose Person I have ne'er so much as seen,  
But by his charming Mind I honour him;  
Yet if I ever should the same Survey,  
Admitting all that vulgar Scandal say,  
His Soul lives there: Its Mansion I'd approve,  
And tell him, I was his *Platonic* Love.





VERSES in Praise of Mr. N—<sup>a</sup> Jb.

By a young Lady.



AIR Cloe by a River's Side

Sat, pensive, all alone,  
Watching the calmer Stream to glide,  
(Whilst thus she made her Moan)

Ah! *Polidore*, within my Breast  
I find a sudden Pain,  
Since you the fatal News exprest  
To leave bright *Phæbus* Plain.

Gentle Example will no more  
Our soft Amusements Crown,  
Vain Fops will soon usurp a Pow'r  
Contending with each Clown.

The fair Assembly thus will be  
Into confusion hurl'd,  
Like second *Babylonians* we  
Shall have a *Jargon* World.

These rough unpolish'd Scenes appear  
Already in my View,  
For, ah! *Minerva* will, I fear,  
In Absence be with you.

Teach me thou Goddess how to sing  
The Praise of *Polidore*,  
Whilst chanting Mimicks on the Wing  
His Virtues shall explore.

No

Tunbridge-Wells.

No Orphans Tears are shed in Vain  
 At his too friendly Gate,  
 Their Parents Loss he will sustain  
 Whilst he Commiserate.

The Wretched, living thus, he saves  
 In hospitable Way,  
 And e'en when dead provides 'em Graves  
 To lodge their Senseless Clay.

Kind Caution dwells upon his Tongue  
 With a paternal Care;  
 He grieves to see the Dangers run  
 By each unthinking Fair.

Oh N——b I fear he stives in vain  
 Those Evils to prevent,  
 Women from Vice could ne'er refrain  
 When once their Minds were bent.

Forgive me on the female Cause  
 To Judgment more refine,  
 To yield his Merits just Applause  
 I consciously resign.

Thus *Cloe* raised her drooping Head,  
 And sighing bid adieu;  
 Your quick Return dear N——b, she said,  
 Are all my Joys in View.



By



By Mr. H——mm——d.



AM not high Church, nor low Church,  
nor Tory, nor Whig;  
Nor flashing young Coxcomb, nor formal  
old Prig:

Not eternally talking, nor silently quaint,  
No profligate Sinner, nor pragmatical Saint.

I think freely I own, yet I firmly believe,

I'm not vain of my Judgment, nor pinn'd on a Sleeve,

To sift Truth from old Rubbish, I do what I can,

And, God knows, if I err, I'm a fallible Man;

I can laugh at a Jest, if not crackt out of Time,

And excuse a Mistake, tho' not flatter a Crime;

Any Faults of my Friend I scorn to expose,

And detest private Scandal, tho' cast on my Foes:

I put none to the Blush, on whatever Pretence,

For Immodesty shocks both good Breeding and Sense,

No Man's Person I hate, tho' his Conduct I blame,

I can censure a Vice without stabbing a Name.

To amend, not reproach, is the Bent of my Mind;

A Reproof is half lost, when ill Nature is joyn'd.

Where Merit appears, tho' in Rags, I respect it,

And plead Virtue's Cause should the whole World reject it.

Cool Reason I bow to, wheresoever its found,

And joyce when sound Learning with Favour is  
crown'd,

To no Party I'm Slave, in no Squabble I joyn,

Nor damn the Opinion that differs from mine;

Evil Tongues I contemn, no mob Treasons I sing;

I doat on my Country, and am liege to my King.

Tho' Length of Days I desire, yet, with my last Breath,

I'm in Hopes to betray no vain Dreadings of Death:

And as to the Ways after Death to be trod,

I submit to the Will of an infinite God.

VERSES

## VERSES on Mr. Nash.

By Mrs. W——ll——tt.

 Hilst strong Callibiates does my Nerves  
 inflame,  
 Can I attempt to sing Great N——h's Fame?  
 My Lines are but the feeble Ech'ing o'er,  
 Of what so justly has been said before:  
 Full of Compassion he relieves the Poor,  
 Nor can he suffer any to implore:  
 For all our Sex he shews paternal Care,  
 And lets us see the Dangers we should fear;  
 Tells us our Foibles in a merry Chat,  
 Which, if attended to, improves our Wit.  
 How greatly we're obliged to such a Man!  
 Who strive to make us charming as he can,  
 Without the Views of Interest or Gain.  
 Long may he Live thus to conduct the Fair,  
 And make his Name immortal for his Care.


 VERSES on Dr. Young. By the same Hand.

ASSIST ye Muses, every Thought refine,  
 The Task seems hard, the Theme is too sublime;  
 Ambition emulates and prompts me on  
 To sing the Fame of celebrated Young.  
 What nice Distinction in his Lines are found,  
 And all his Works with solid Wisdom crown'd:  
 His Universal Passion sure's the Theme  
 By which the Poet built his Temple Fame:  
 And in his Estimate of Life we see  
 The very Depth of Man's Capacity.  
 Nor can I farther aggrandize that Name  
 Which his own Works has made elate as Fame.



*A Parody on the 4th Chapter of GENESIS.*

Verse 1.



AND it came to pass, that P---e the Hatter  
went in unto his Wife and knew her;  
and she conceived and bare a Son, and  
she called his Name *Al---*, and said, I have  
gotten as it were, a Man Child from  
the Lord.

2.

And behold the Child was exceeding fair, and come-  
ly to see, and waxed tall, and in Favour with God  
and Man; and He became a Rhymier of Rhymes in  
those Days. But T---d his Brother was a meek Man,  
and skilled in all the Learning of the Heathens.

3.

And in Process of Time it came to pass, that P---e  
brought of the first Fruits of his Leisure, an Edition  
of *Sb--k--sp--r*, as an Offering unto the Town.

4.

And T---d he also brought of the Firstlings of his  
Study even a Specimen of his *Sb--k--sp--r*. And the  
Town had respect unto T---d and his *Sb--k--sp--r*.

5.

But unto P---e and his *Sb--k--sp--r*, the Town had no  
Respect; and P---e was wroth, and his Countenance  
fell.

6.

And the Town said unto P---e, why art thou so  
worth? And wherefore is thy Countenance fallen?

C

7. I  
£

If thou art a good publisher, shalt thou not be accepted? But if thou publish'd ill, a Cheat lyeth at thy Door.

8.  
And *P---e* talked with *T--bb--d* his Brother; and it came to pass while they were in the Field, that *P---e* rose up privily against *T--bb--d*, and cast Stones and Filth at him, and evil intreated him.

9.  
And after some Time the Thing displeased the *Town*, and *T--bb--d* continued at Home, and his Friends Ministred unto him, and comforted him, for they saw that his Affliction was very great.

10.  
And the *Town* said unto *P---e*, where is *T--bb--d* thy Brother! He rent his Cloaths, and curs'd and swore, saying, I know not, am I my Brother's Keeper?

11.  
And the *Town* said, what hast thou done? the Voice of thy Brother's Wrong cryeth against thee. And now art thou cursed from the *Town*, which has opened her Ear, to hear the Wrong of *T--bb--d* thy Brother.

12.  
When thou beggest of the *Town*, she shall not henceforth yield her Subscriptions, a Fugitive and a Vagabond shall thou be in the *Country*.

13.  
And *P---e* said unto the *Town*, my Punishment is greater than I can bear.

14. Behold

Behold I am driven out this Day from the Face of the *Town*, and shall be Hungry and Thirsty, and Naked in the *Country*, and it shall come to pass, that whosoever findeth me shall *beat* me.

15.

And the *Town* said therefore, whoever beateth *P--e* Shame shall be upon him seven fold. And thereupon a Mark was set upon *P--e*, lest any, finding him, should *beat* him.

16.

And *P--e* went out from the Presence of the *Town*, and dwelt in the Land of *M--e* on the South of *T--k--m*.

17.

And *P--e* knew his *Nurse*, and she conceived and bare a Child, and called his Name *Cr--bo*, and he built an House, and called it after his Son's Name, and it is call'd *Castle Cr--bo* to this Day.

18.

And all the Acts and Deeds of *P--e*, and likewise the Sayings of his *Nurse*, are they not written in the *Chronicles* of these Times.

19.

And it came to pass, that the *Nurse* dyed, being full of Years, and was buried in the Cave of *T--k--m*, called *Kneel--ary* Cave, and a Stone was set upon the Cave's Mouth. And *P--e* and all the ancient Men and ancient Women of *T--k--m* mourned forty Days for the *Nurse*. And then the Mourning of *P--e* the Son of the *Hatter* was ended.

C 2

Upon

*Upon Faro, by a Gentleman.*



F any one hath to himself avow'd  
Not to depart this Place till he has bestow'd  
A Brace of Hundreds; let him but repair  
To' th' *Faro*-Table, and I dare declare  
E're he departs, he'll leave the half on't  
there.

At these and such like Games you may behold  
Parents and Children staking down their Gold:  
Thus they employ their Time, till Midnight comes,  
When each prepare for their respective Homes.  
Where we will leave them to compose their Rest,  
And dream of what may suit their Temper best.  
Perhaps you'll say, that it has been my Lot  
To lose at *Faro*—True, Sirs, ev'ry Groat:  
When homewards I must then my Course have bent,  
Had not kind *R—ck* \* some Money to me lent.  
O! that I'd learnt of *O—f—r* † how to've play'd,  
My *Rhino* ‡ then I wisely might have sav'd:  
Of prudent *O—f—r* be it understood,  
His greatest Pleasure was the publick Good.



*By Mr. M—r—r—r.*



WITH various Weapons, various Art,  
The Fair assaults the Fort my Heart,  
And wound ten thousand Ways.  
Here *Mihell's* Shape attacks my Rest,  
*Smyth* || mounts the Battery of her Breast,  
Her Eyes, while *Frederic* plays,

*J—mes R—ck*, Esq. late a Banker.  
† *Br—g—d—r O—f—r*  
‡ *Rhino*, is a Cramp Word for Money.  
|| *Lady L—sa Smyth*.

These

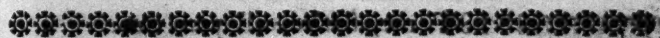


These bold Invaders I sustain  
 They give a momentary Pain,  
 One Breach the Rest repair  
 But Heavenly mild soft *Windsor's* Charms  
 Steal on my Soul without Alarms,  
 And fix for ever there.



*Verses upon the Ladies being obliged to  
 dance by themselves at a late Ball.*

 *Tunbridge Walls* the like sure ne'er was  
 known,  
 For *Eighteen* helpless Nymphs to meet  
 alone;  
 But why no Man was there, the Cause is  
 clear,  
*Frederic* was absent; *Patty Collins* there,  
 Just so sagacious Flies in Clusters meet  
 Round the sweet Rose, but shun th' insipid Beet.



*By Mr. J—s, Milliner.*

 And some comely *Cook*, the Ladies do admire,  
 But have not yet subscribed to my chear-  
 ful Fire,  
 May he with Waters fill Glasses round,  
 With Olive Branches may his Table be  
 crown'd.  
 May ever his Grace and glorious Name,  
 With the most noblest Fame,  
 Never to dye  
 But live in Rest to Eternity.

The

The Wise and Genius of this Age,  
 True to his Friend, most lovely would engage,  
*Britons* mourn, our Loss was great,  
 For losing such a Charmer of the State,  
 The most noble *Chesterfield*, and the bravest  
 In ancient Story that is told,  
 Who never once was bought,  
 No, nor never would be sold.  
 O *Chandler*, *Chandler*, most delicious soft and fine,  
 The bright, the glorious of this Pentile Line,  
 Came from the noblest *Cavendish*, now dead,  
 The best of Statesmen ever *England* bred,  
 O ye Charmer and most lovely *May*,  
 Sweeter than *Roses*, and you Crown the Day;  
 The lovely Bloom that's now in you,  
 O must it dye! Farewell and ever Adieu.\*

Upon the foregoing Medley,

By Mr. F——.

ASSIST me, Satire, all you can  
 To punish a vain-glorious Man.  
 One who knows not Common Sense,  
 Whose only Pride is Ignorance.  
 Let him go on (you then may say)  
 Throw not, on him, your Time away.  
 He's much below the Lash I own,  
 But must he then be let alone?  
 Shall strong Presumption go unpaid,  
 While he thus mangles ev'ry Maid?  
 Praise is Abuse from such like Men,  
 Who knows not how to handle Pen.

\* The above Copy was taken exactly from the Original.

Go to a House Painter, and say,  
Paint me, my lovely Fair, I pray;  
Tho' none in Beauty her excell'd,  
Nor Eyes a fairer one beheld;  
Yet when he came to touch a Feature,  
With his rough Paint, and rougher Nature,  
He soon would spoil her lovely Face,  
And so blemish every Place;  
That she'd appear to Men of Sense,  
By her Portrait——an Oyster Wench.  
Do but view his Poetry,  
And therein you'll plainly see,  
Men Beauties more attract his Sense,  
Than all the Charms of Female Innocence.  
Grant my Wish, ye Gods, for once,  
And thus punish this sad Dunce.  
May he be henceforth in Disgrace,  
Asham'd to see a Lady's Face;  
May he his Sentiments retain,  
And all his Praises be on Men;  
Till it shall publicly be known,  
Men are his Favorites——Women none.

## The Theme's Merit.

By Mr. L---n.

SSIST ye Muse my untaught Tongue,  
While Facts my Soul inspire ;  
All Female Beauties joyn'd in one  
Thee, *Windsor*, all admire.  
Fancy like the *Ignis Fatuus*,  
By whose Glare the Weak's decoy'd,  
Superficial Beauties make us  
Only happy till enjoy'd.

## Men

Mén of Sense and Penetration  
 None but *Windsor's* can alarm,  
 Virtue's Fountain in Perfection  
 Whence will flow perpetual Charms.

To Mr. Cramp Sense the T-g M--ll--n--t,

By Brobdignag.



H Y----, whence Prodigies do shine,  
 To murder thus both Sense and Rhyme;  
 But as a Friend I needs must tell,  
 You first should go and learn to spell:  
 The next Addition that is meet  
 That you may Number well your Feet;  
 Then let your Words some Thought express,  
 For what you've writ, no one can Guess.  
 Let a Superior thy Works View,  
 Before you a Subscription sue,  
 Lord Rawlin's, I think, he may do.  
 If you submit to his Discretion  
 Your Writings may have some Connection.  
 Your Poetry then will serve, 'tis true,  
 To laugh at---and waste Paper too:  
 So scribble on, be no Deserter,  
 But prove thy self a Poetaster.

VERSES



VERSES upon Miss *L---ck---tt!**By Mr. J---s, Milliner. From the Original.*

Y charming *Jenny*, the fine most glorious  
Fair,  
With sweet Behaviour, you, my only Dear;  
The *Roses*, with the *Violet* too;  
O! my tender Love, there's no such  
Charms as you.

You Charmer fine, and most beautiful Maid,  
Have pity on me, you have my Heart betray'd:  
If all the World were now but mine,  
In Raptures, O my Soul, my All should be thine!  
O how I mourn in the silent and shady Grove;  
I have no Delight but my Love Turtle Dove;  
The finest Shape, with the most beautiful Air,  
O, my Charming *Lockett*, let me not Despair.

## Advice to a Brother Poet.

*By Mr. F----*

E thou not in a Rage, my Friend,  
If good Advice to you I send:  
Nor take it ill to be chastis'd;  
Better be so----than scandaliz'd.  
First---when you write---observe some  
Rule,

And if you can't----then go to School:  
Next then---when you would praise the Fair,  
Be not too lavish----but beware  
Lest it should come to your Wife's Ear.

D

Give

Give yourself Time to think---and own,  
 In praising *L---ck---tt* thus, \* you have done wrong.  
 Nor is't consistent with your Duty,  
 To die in Verse for any Beauty.  
 Their Praises modestly rehearse,  
 Nor let your Thought exceed your Verse.  
 How t'excuse you I know not,  
 Unless you'll own to all, you doat.  
 It must be so----else at this Time  
 They'll say----how could you think to Rhyme.  
 Besides; your Verses are so bad,  
 That any one would think you mad.  
 Lines without Head, or Tail, or Sense,  
 Do but proclaim your Ignorance.  
 To every School Boy thou'rt a Scoff.----  
 Take my Advice----leave Rhyming off,  
 Nor let 'em see, thou'rt such an Oaf.  
 But if you obstinate will be,  
 Adieu, my Friend, I've done with thee.

\* See his *amorous* Verses upon Miss *L---ck---tt*, which are  
 filled with too much Rapture to come from any *Married Man*.

10 MA 66

F I N I S.